

SALMAGUNDI

1920



SALMAGUNDI

Vol. XII - 1920

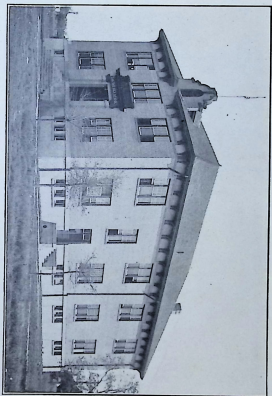


Published by
SANFORD HIGH SCHOOL
Sanford, Florida

Dedication to
MRS. R. C. MAXWELL
Teacher and Friend

*We Dedicate this Book in Loving Appreciation of
Her Interest and Loyalty to the Class of '20*

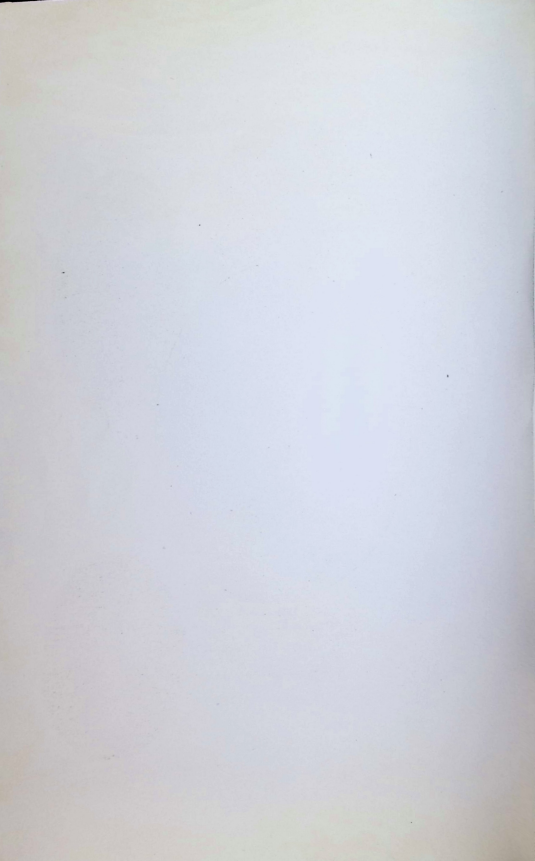
*"A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful, and almost sternly just."*



SANFORD HIGH SCHOOL.



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U. of Florida





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Woman's College, Oxford, Miss.



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MISS IDA M. GRAY
Southern Ill. Normal University



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Ph. B., Stetson University



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SALMAGUNDI

Vol. XII - 1920

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INTRODUCTION

Once again, oh friends of the Salmagundi, once again Old Sanford High puts forth a budget of her best efforts and enterprises for the past year. We think that never before have they been as various and successful. Indeed we have striven to make them so. We hope they will meet your approval, you who look to us for progress year after year, you who make Sanford High possible.

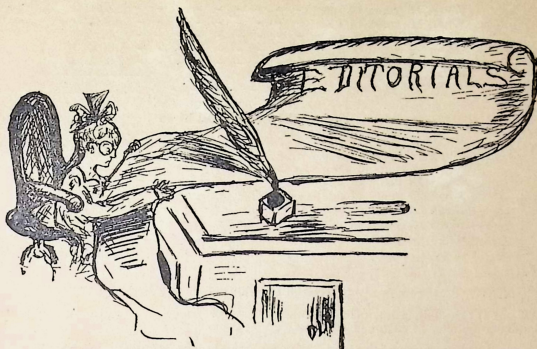
So here it is,

The best that we can make it
The Staff heaves a long thankful sigh
But wonders how you'll take it.



SALMAGUNDI STAFF





WHY NOT LEAVE SCHOOL?

Never before has the power of Education been felt so keenly, as in this century in which we are living—"A Golden Age" and full of "Golden Opportunities for any one who will only reach out and pluck them.

If only the young men of this century could be made to realize this fact! If only they were not quite so anxious to leave school to earn a few paltry dollars a week, but would remain and finish High School—Then, they could choose the position which they wish to occupy in Life, instead of having to take whatever is offered to them.

They must be made to realize this fact! If they do not finish school, if they do not intend to utilize the opportunities offered them there to fit them selves to be successful business men, they are going to lose the fight, indeed, they will have lost it even before they have begun!

The girls, however, seemed, to have realized the value of an education and eagerly embrace the opportunity to secure an education. Almost every girl finishes High School, but how few boys ever do so, nor is she content with that she goes to college also.

Postitions are offered only to capable men and women. If our young men do not finish school, if they do not secure an education, they will be fit not only to hold down a good position well, but they will fall backward and become one of the fifteen dollar a week parasites of society.

The salaries of those who complete school greatly exceed those who do not do so. The number of educated men who have attained distinction likewise is greater than those who have but little or no education.

(a) Two groups of citizens in Brooklyn, N. Y., were studied. Their earnings are shown here:

Those Who Left School at 14

	(Yearly Salary)
When 14 years of age - - - - -	\$200.00

When 16 years of age	- - - - -	250.00
When 18 years of age	- - - - -	350.00
When 20 years of age	- - - - -	475.00
When 22 years of age	- - - - -	600.00
When 25 years of age	- - - - -	688.00

Total 11 years	- - - - -	\$5,112.50
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Those Who Left School at 18

	(Yearly Salary)
When 14 years of age	0.00
When 16 years of age	0.00
When 18 years of age	500.00
When 20 years of age	750.00
When 22 years of age	1,000.00
When 24 years of age	1,150.00
When 25 years of age	1,550.00

Total 7 years	- - - - -	\$7,337.50
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(From study of Council Church Board of Education)

(b) The education of distinguished men of America. With no schooling 5,000,000 people, 31 attained distinction.

With elementary schooling 33,000,000 people, 808 attained distinction.

With high school schooling 2,000,000 people 1,245 attained distinction.

With college schooling 1,000,000 people, 5,768 attained distinction.

With no schooling you have one chance in 150,000 of performing distinguished service, with elementary schooling you have 4 chances in 150,000 of performing distinguished service, with high school schooling you have 87 chances in 150,000 of performing distinguished service, with college education you have 800 chances in 150,000 of performing distinguished service.

What will your chance be?

Young men of the Junior Class, the Sophomore Class, the Freshman Class and those who will come to Sanford High School in future years—I earnestly entreat you to profitably utilize your time—study well and thoroughly. Don't waste your time, for time invested in schooling "to get more power" is like money deposited in the bank. Be a credit to yourself, bring glory and honor to dear old Sanford High School.

—O—

SANFORD HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY

The collection of books in our library is a good one, but unfortunately it is inadequate for our ever increasing needs, so like Oliver Twist we want "more and more."

The value of books in high school work is inestimable. Subjects are portrayed more vividly and presented in a more interesting manner by outside reading, while special reports on the lesson makes the work more thorough. The pupil will enjoy his work and take more interest in it. In writing compositions, essays, themes and even exercises, books again give their aid. No one who has read good books will write poorly. Unconsciously they obtain a writing and speaking vocabulary from their reading and an indefinable ease and grace of style.

What a wonderful power books possess! They can make or mar character. They stimulate the imagination and enable one to make the memory pictures and

the word pictures so essential to any well written work, be it a theme, essay, exercise, story, or a letter written to some friend.

Every one admires a person who can converse well and will inevitably remark how much pleasure they find in their company because they are so "entertaining". We, too, may be entertaining, if we so desire. From the reading of good books you learn to present your thoughts more artistically and forcefully, choosing your words with care. Instruction, also, is obtained from books. We cannot secure all our information merely by asking questions. At last, we are obliged to seek it in books. Truly books are the vast store house of wealth!

The reading of good books cultivates a taste for the best in everything. Light shallow, superficial books, persons, and things will not attract more than a momentary interest. Only the big things, lofty, noble, and pure hold them. Most of the great lessons of this world are inculcated by the reading of good books.

Especially do we need books for history work. References are given which call for special reports. Some times the books are in our High School Library, but most of the time they are not. These reports stimulate the pupils interest in their work and rouse them to a greater effort and should therefore be encouraged.

In science the books are very useful. Some authors present their views more clearly than others and again, one always likes to hear both sides of a question which could be done very easily if only our library contained these books.

We study English that we may learn to speak and write correctly and to learn to appreciate the great literature which has been written. We must learn early in life to cultivate a taste for good literature in order to appreciate it and what method is more effective than to place this kind of books within the reach of the pupils?

One thoughtful friend of this school, Mrs. Vaughn, gave us some history books this year, which generous gift is greatly appreciated by the entire student body.

But aren't there other generous patrons who would like to give money or books to our library?

Here is a list of books which we would like to see in the Sanford High School Library:

American Literature

Set of Hawthorne's works

Set of Poe's stories

Volume of Poe's poetry

Volume of Lowell's poetry

Collection of Emerson's essays

Set of Mark Twain's works

Aldrich's—"Marjorie Daw"

Volume of Ripleys poems

David Grayson's—"Adventures in Contentment"

David Grayson's—"Adventures in Friendship" etc.

"Ramona"—H. H. Jackson

"Pushing to the Front"—Morden

Set of L. Henry's Stories

"The Blue Flower"—Henry Van Dyke

Volume on lives of different writers

"Anthology of American Poetry"—Stedman

Especially—Who's Who—Either in America or International.

Senior Class





ADELE RINES, Pres.—"Adella"

Look well at the above picture. It is our beloved Class President. Thoughtful and energetic she has done well during the four years she has spent in Sanford High School. President of Senior Class (2, 3, 4); Treasurer of Girls Athletic Association (4); High School Orchestra (4); Basket Ball Team (1, 2, 4).



ANNA MASON, V.-Pres.—"Animation"

A bright and attractive girl possessing great musical ability to whom we are indebted for her inestimable services rendered in our chapel exercises. S. H. S. Orchestra (4); Poetry Editor of Salmagundi Staff (4); Vice-President of Senior Class (2, 3, 4); Basket Ball player (4).



CORA LEE TILLIS, Sec.—"Corry"

Peerless in basket ball and a jolly good fellow. First Vice-President of Girls Athletic Association (4); Secretary of Senior Class (2, 3, 4); Assistant Business Manager of Salmagundi Staff (4).



SHERMAN MOORE, Treas.—"Jack"

A quiet, progressive young man, a good scholar and well liked by every one. Foot Ball Team (4); Treasurer of Senior Class (3, 4); Treasurer of Athletic Association (4).



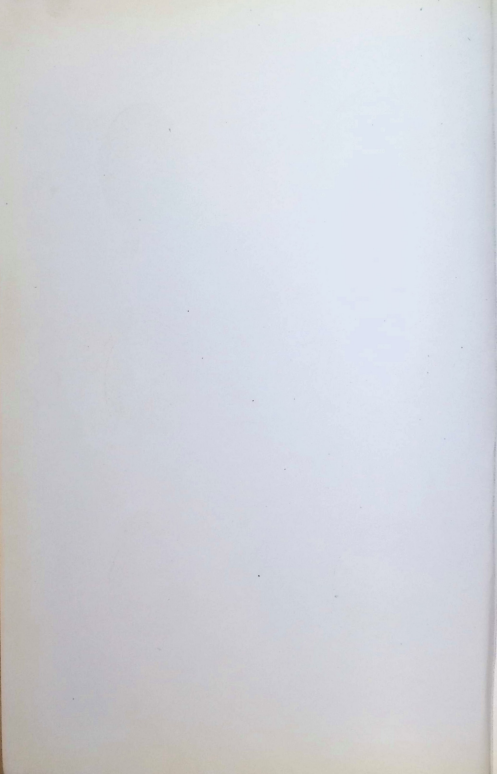
GLADYS ADAMS—"Eve"

Gladys is the artist of the Class. Salmagundi Illustrator and Class Prophecy.



ALBERTA AYCOCKE—"Berta"

Every one who knows her, likes her. Just a sweet girl graduate. Presentation of Class Key.





PERRY LEE BELL—"Fatty"

A true daughter of the Southland; to know her well is to discover a refreshing individuality. We appreciate her using her Chandler for basket ball this year.



MARTHA BROWN

To know this smiley gigglesome girl is to like her



ELLEN CHAPPELL

The embodiment of all that is most lovely in Nature—a charming young girl. S. H. S. Orchestra. (4).



GUSSIE FRANK—"Tootsie"

Vivacious, gifted with a dry wit which is her school mates delight. Joke Editor of Salmagundi Staff.



ROSE GALLAGHER

A conscientious and hard worker who has embraced every opportunity to gain knowledge and none have drunk more deeply from the Pierion Spring than she. Basket Ball (4); Assistant Editor of Salmagundi Staff (4); Director of Orchestra (4); Class Will (4).



RUTH GILLON—"Rufus"

Ruth is a good sport. She knows what she knows and never hesitates to say it—Basket Ball (4); Salmagundi Exchange Editor.



E. GRAHAM GRACEY

An exceptionally good natured boy who spent his time amusing the Senior Class. We regret that he will not graduate with us, but will receive his diploma in Detroit.



ELEANOR HERRING

From her hair-string bow she draws forth such a flood of melodies one almost believes Orpheus hast come to earth again. S. H. S. Orchestra (4)



ETHEL HENRY

A charming winsome lass who stands well in her class. President of Lossing Literary Society (4); Captain Girl's Basket Ball Team (4); Basket Ball Team (1, 2, 4); Lossing Literary Society Editor of Salmagundi Staff. (4).



GLEN LINGLE—"Jingle"

Amiable, jolly, and witty, 'tis no wonder he has so many friends. Captain of Foot Ball Team (4); Basket Ball Team (2, 4); Captain of Base-Ball Team (4); Second Vice-President of Boy's Athletic Association (4); Editor of Boys Athletic Association on Salmagundi Staff (4).



RUBEN MASON—"Rube"

A deep thinker who never says an unnecessary word. Deeply interested in Foot Ball, Basket Ball and Base Ball.



WILLIAM McKIM—"Bill"

Optimistic and ambitious, he strives to make his dreams a reality. Presentation of Senior Gift.



HENRY MCLAULIN—"Boob McNutt"

Thanks to his diligence and business ability our Salmagundi was able to be produced this year. He is endowed with great dramatic power. Business Manager Salmagundi.



LESLIE ROLLER—"Les"

Look well an the above physiogomy—The apollo of the 1920 Class.



FORDYCE RUSSELL—"Ford"

A quiet boy whose motto clearly is—Facta, non verba. Football player. Circulation manager Salmagundi (4).



CAROLYN SPENCER—"Birdie"

A little bit of sunshine beloved by all the class. Reporter Girls Athletic Association and Girls Athletic Editor for Salmagundi.



WINIFRED STRONG—"Winnie"

Short on stature but long on enthusiasm. Because she has been with us from the first she is Class Historian.



HERBERT SQUIRES—"Special Student"

A jolly good fellow.





HELEN TERWILLIGER

The charming Helen ever welcomes a bit of fun she has an unlimited capacity for work. That is why she is Editor in Chief on the Salmagundi Staff.



GLEN WHITCOMB—"Skinny"

A quiet manly chap who has made many friends during his short sojourn in Sanford High School. President of Boy's Athletic Association (4). Captain of Boys Basket Ball Team (4).



CAROLYN WHITE—"Pearlie"

Always neat and ever sweet to everyone. Chairman Program Committee for L. L. S. this year; Class Secretary 1917.



JULIA ZACHARY—"Sookey"

Well poised—our most dignified senior. Manager and member of Girls B. B. Team. Social Editor Salmagundi. Class President (1 & 2) Cathedral.

SAM MURRELL—"Special Student"—Quiet, thoughtful, and reserved.

VIRGINIA DeCOURSEY,—Virginia decided to graduate too late to get her picture in.

Senior Class

Motto: Nil Desperandum. **Colors:** Purple and Gold
Flower: Chrysanthemum

ADELE RINES, President

ANNA MASON, V-President

CORA LEE TILLIS, Secretary

SHERMAN MOORE, Treasurer

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

Now that we are within sight of graduation and our diplomas are almost within our reach, we look back over the way we have come with pride and pleasure and just a touch of regret for the joys of high school life which will soon be ours no more.

When we were in the eighth grade we were obliged, by lack of room in the grammar school building, to take up quarters among the high school pupils (to our youthful minds, exalted beings), and it is to the excellent training received that year from the Sophmores and Freshmen that we owe our reputation for docility and obedience when we finally did enter High.

Our career in athletics began the early part of our Freshman year, when several of our boys played football on the High School team and two of our girls did splendid work in basketball.

That year we were initiated in the duty and privilege of contributing to the "Salmagundi" and I am sure that everyone will agree that our early school experiences and our poetry (?) were a great addition to that literary volume.

Of course there were a number of obstacles in our way, such as Algebra and Latin, but with the aid of Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Chaffer we managed to get by with them, and most of us were able to take part in the commencement exercises with easy consciences.

The next fall we were all glad to come back to school and very proud of the fact that we could no longer be "picked on" by the other classes, but could enjoy this peculiar privilege ourselves and exercise it over our less fortunate companions, the Freshmen.

This was our most carefree year. We kept up our work in athletics without any trouble and were not bothered very much by studies, so we enjoyed ourselves to the fullest. But a shadow was soon cast over our happiness by the departure of some of our boys to enter the Service. Wallace Lipford and Robert Robinson left us to join the Navy, while Arthur Lossing who enlisted in the army, was sent almost immediately to France and died the next summer from wounds received in action.

Junior year we had rather a hard pull of it. Haunted from day to day by that bugbear, Geometry, and deprived of our guardian angel, Miss Edwards, who was called to do government work in Colorado, we managed to get along somehow and really enjoyed the last part of the year, especially our preparations for the annual Junior-Senior reception. We worked hard for this, but our efforts were amply rewarded by the complimentary remarked and evident enjoyment of our guests.

And now behold us as Seniors, twenty eighth strong, on the last lap of the race and our goal in sight. Surely you will agree with the class of nineteen twenty that the struggle has been worth while.

Winnie Strong '20.

SENIOR STATISTICS

NAME	FAVORITE INDULGENCE	PET AMBITION	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	APPEARANCE	PET AVERSION
Ethel	Riding Horseback	To Rival Sara Bernhart	"Oh Me Eye"	Attractive	Studying
Glen W.	Winking at Carry	To be a Civil Engineer	"Oh Let Me See"	Slender	Chemist y
Clara	Driving Her Volvo	To be a Mining Engineer	"Gee Whiz"	Happy	French
Alberta	Reading the Yellow	To be a Chorus Girl	"I Wouldn't Know"	Nest	Staring Home
Quasie	Talking to Alberta	To be a Latin Professor	"Not a Tail Much Hardly"	Peppy	To be Annoyed
Coza Lee	Keeping Quiet	To be a Famous Musical	"My Mind"	Pettie	Silence
Ellen	Chatting	To be a Mechanical Engineer	"Oh Shucks"	Bliss	Studying Latin
Rose	Sketching Lady Heads	To be a Famous Musical	"I Hope to Tell You"	Bliss	Chewing Gum
William	Riding a Motorcycle	To be a Famous Musical	"Oh Boy"	Bliss	Looking (the eye)
Ellenor	Riding the Ivorys at Recess	To be a Famous Musical	"Go Slow and Easy"	Haughty	Sentimentality
Anna	Reading the Yellow	To be a Famous Musical	"New Don't Look at Me"	Manly	The City
Sherman	"Fording" at Helen	To be a Famous Musical	"I Can't Be Bothered"	Boyish	Studying
Adele	Being a Sport	To be a Famous Musical	"Thunderclap"	Amiable	Concited People
Fordyce	Looking at Ellen	To be a Farmer	"My Goodness"	Just So	Col. Absentee Slips
Henry	Debating	To Get Out of a Class	"Oh My Gosh"	Sedate	Being Undignified
John S.	Talking in Chapel	To Teach a couple of years and then Marry	"I Hope to Tell You"	Good Looking	Overalls
Julia	Reading in St.	To get some "Moose"	"Oh Dear"	French	E. Graham
Reuben	Reading in St.	To be a Farmer	"Well"	Amused	Reciting Cicero
Leslie	Stepping on Ethel's Shoes	To be a Farmer	"Ain't it the Truth"	Merry	Being Fat
Helen	Using Big Words	To be a Famous Musical	"Oh, Good Night"	Proper	Mining Picked On
Carolyn W	Writing Letters	To remain in Sanford	"Ob, Hang"	Stylish	Spelling & Punct'n
Winnie	Playing Hooky at Noon	To go to Besse Lift	"Good Gracious"	Energetic	History
Gladya	Giggling	To Live in Hastings	"I Didn't Get That Far"	Intellectual	Lariness
Ruth	Expressing her Opinion	To be a Movie Star	"Oh, Good Night"	Swaggering	Work
Bessie	Displaying her Gold Teeth	To be a Movie Star	"Oh, Good Night"	Pretty	Spectacles
Sam	Studying (?)	To Achieve Daydream			
Virginia	Drawing Pictures	To Rival Paurens			

CLASS POEMS

"KING SHINE"

"Brother and sisters, as you know
This meeting is this usurper to overthrow
No sooner has whiskey passed from our mind,
Then on the throne has climbed King Shine.

"He rules the mountains, he rules from the glen
He sits in the home of your dearest friend,-
Now Deacon Johnson, is this not true
Now don't be afraid, "how much have you?"

"No, Parson Brown, not one drop have I;
Rather than take a drink would I die
But why did you ask this, parson of me,
When you know very well I drink only tea?"

"Why did I ask?" Why deacon, dear me!
That nose of yours is not caused from tea!
And since whiskey has passed from our mind
That only could be caused by shine."

But, Parson, I also have something to say,
I happened to drop into your house today,
And what did I see in that cupboard of thine,
But two full quarts of good old shine!" Henry McLaulin, '20.

SPRING

The flowers in the woodland are brighter
The bees sip the honey all day
The clouds on our heads roll lighter
And the children are happy at play.

T'was the first day of spring in the woodland
And nature her children had robbed.
Like roses that grow in the wildwood
This perfect spring day was disclosed.

Gussie Frank '20

TO A ROSEBUD

Tell me your story rose-bud,
Or have you one to tell?
Did you come here to cheer us,
While on this earth you dwell?

Your cheeks are red with crimson,
You nod at the passing breeze,
You make me think of a happy bird,
Lingering among the trees.

Julia Zachary, '20.

OUR FUTURES

I know not what the great world holds
For us who stand upon its brink.
I only know it is a cup
Whose joys and sorrows all must drink.

So we must do the best we can,
And strive to make our own lives show
The goodness and the sweetness of
The finest people that we know.

If we with heart and soul and mind
Try hard enough, perhaps we may
Accomplish something that will make
Old Sanford proud of us some day.

Winnie Strong '20

THOUGHTS

The train is gliding onward,
I gaze out as we go.
Much lovelier is this country
Than mine of ice and snow.

Far stretch greenest forests
Here fire consumes the pine,
The yellow flames dance up and down
And feed on turpentine.

And now a lily pond we pass
Dotted o'er with cypress trees,
Gray mosses dangle from the boughes
And palm trees rustle in the breeze.

Next we see wide citrus groves
Where brilliant birds sing sweet.
Bright golden fruit is beckoning
For us to come and eat.

Oh, as I watch these lovely scenes
I think of bleak old Canada
If everyone could see these things
The world would live in Florida.

Rose Gallagher '20.

A FANCY

Dawn brings the freshness of new-opened flowers
Dawn brings the twinkle of dew,
Dawn brings the birds' songs in rose-laden bowers,—
And the memory of you.

Noon brings the sun with a soft breeze that blows,
Noon brings sweet scents and the hum of bees, too,
Noon brings drowsiness and quiet repose—
And my dreams of you.

Twilight brings shadows and fire flies gleaming,
The smile of wee stars far above,
Twilight brings peace and a summer moon beaming—
And, to me, your love.

Eleanor Herring '20

THE LONG LONG NAIL

There's a long, long nail a grinding
From the sole of my shoe,
Grinding way into my right heel
Just a mile or two,
There's a long, long hike before me,
And lots to think about,
'Till the time that I can sit down,
And pull that long, long nail right out.

Glenn Lingle '20

THE FORD

A "Ford" it rambled down the road,
It carried along a very large load.
It rattled and squeaked and looked quite weak
But the little olf "Ford" is a kind of freak.

A "Ford" is really a wonderful car;
It helped Uncle Sam to win the war
In all kinds of weather and all thru the week;
But the little old "Ford" is really a freak.

I'm getting tired of staying at home
I think I'll get a "Ford" of my own,
And someone to ride and to sit close beside
As I drive the little "Ford" on.

Sherman Moore '20.

Miss Clark (In History) The Orientals did not believe in a God as we do, but they had a story similar to our "Moses in the Ark."

Miss Gordon (In Science testing a piece of candy for sugar)
Billy Fitts—"Miss Gordon, I'll bet I know the best way to test candy."
Miss Gordon—"What?"
Billy, putting a piece in his mouth to test it.

Freshie—"Martha Brown tickles me, she is always walking with her hips on her shoulders." (Hands on hips.)

Mrs. Maxwell (assigning characters to Senior boys in "Macbeth")—"Now boys, I don't know whether you have anything to say or not, but you can go up there and say it."

Mrs. Leonardi—"Ed what is an epicurean?"
Ed M.—"A loon or some sort of bird that dives."

Miss Clark—"How was Queen Mary thought of at the end of her reign?"
Florence Henry—"She was the most destested queen since John of Gaunt."

Teacher—"Give a sentence using the word doleful."
Bright Soph.—"He had eaten so many biscuits he was doleful."

Mrs. Leonardy—"What about owls, do they prey?"
Ed Moye—"Yes, they pray at night."

Gussie Frank '20.

THE LEGEND OF LAKE ONORO

Lake Onoro is one of the many beautiful lakes in Seminole county. Once upon a time two tribes of Indians lived on opposite sides of this lake. They were not exactly at war with each other, but they were not very friendly. In one of these tribes lived a young warrior named Roe. He was handsome and of fine physique. In the other tribe lived a very beautiful young maiden. The maiden and the young warrior loved each other in spite of the hostility of their tribes.

They wandered in the forest and paddled together on the lake, and their love for each other grew deeper and deeper. After some time the two tribes declared war on each other. The maiden seeing that her love with Roe could not continue in despair decided that she would drown herself in the lake. So one evening she got in a canoe and paddled out in the middle of the lake and jumped into the water. Roe saw what she was doing and leaped into the lake and swam out to her. But just as he came up to her, she said O No Roe" "O No Roe" After this the lake was called Lake Onoro.

William McKim, '20

THE SENIORS

Imagine.

1. Helen Terwilliger using slang.
 2. Gussie Frank with a simple coiffure.
 3. Cora Lee talking less than 45 miles a minute.
 4. Alberta not whispering in Miss Clark's study period.
 5. Winnie Strong growing an inch.
 6. Virginia DeCoursey shouting "Votes for Women".
 7. E. Graham Gracey looking sensible.
 8. Gladys Adams acting like a Tom Boy.
 9. Julia Zachary looking other than neat.
 10. Henry McLaulin devouring Shakespeare.
-
1. Biggest Bluffer—Sherman Moore.
 2. Biggest Tease—Glen Lingle.
 3. Best Comedian—Henry McLaulin.
 4. Best Looking—Leslie Roller.
 5. Biggest Nut—E. Graham Gracey.
 6. Most Stylish—Gussie Frank.
 7. Neatest—Julia Zachary.
 8. Deepest—Perry Lee Bell.
 9. Jolliest—Caroline Spencer.
 10. Most Energetic—Alberta Ayecocke.
 11. Most Versatile—Rose Gallagher.
 12. Politest—Herbert Squires.
 13. Most Attractive—Ethel Henry.
 14. Most Charming—Eleanor Herring.
 15. Most Dignified—Ruben Mason.
 16. Quietest (when the teacher's looking)—Fordyce Russell.
 17. Most Accomplished—Helen Terwilliger.
 18. Most Business Like—Adele Rines.
 19. Most Lively—Cora Lee Tillis.
 20. Best Musician—Anna Mason.
 21. Shortest—Winnie Strong.
 22. Longest—Skinny Whitcomb.
 23. Biggest Sport—Ruth Gillon.
 24. Most Pleasant—Martha Brown.
 25. Biggest Loafer—Bill McKim.

WHEN EYES MEET

I

It was a soft, delicately breezy June night—an ideal one for the last ball of the College season. The marble terraces gleamed whitely in the liquid moonlight as a girl and her escort moved leisurely up the steps called by the alluringly rhythmic strains of a waltz. As they reached the top of the last flight they encountered a man resting lightly upon the balustrade, blowing wreaths of aromatic smoke to the playful carressing breezes. As the couple passed him, for an instant his eyes met those of the girl—just for an instant—then the girl with lowered lashes and a quick breath, was gone with her escort, and the man remained seated, his lithe figure poised motionless upon the balustrade. Only, in his blue-shadowed eyes there was a hopeless yet passionate expression as he gazed out over the silvered lawn, fretted with the long shadows of tall, stately poplars and jeweled with the gossamer sprays of fountains.

II

Anne Hawthorne gave a happy little cry of anticipation, as she discovered, after much searching a tiny path, completely hidden from all but experienced eyes in dense growth of woodbine.

"I knew it would still be here," she cried delightedly, plunging thru the thick bushes into a clearer part of the little forest thru which the path ran, crossing open sun flecked spaces under great sycamore and oak trees. She had searched for some time for the little path, with only a memory to go by. It branched off from the lane, which was in turn a branch of the white ribbon of turnpike which led to the pretty little town, her "home town" to which she had returned for the first time in many years. She had left town, a little girl with golden curls and abbreviated frocks, and she returned a dignified young college junior with a month's holiday and, at present, an important question to settle, or to be more exact—three of them.

"And here is the dear old tree!" she exclaimed a few minutes later. "It hasn't changed a bit, bless it's heart, and here is the heart with the initials in it. A. H. and D. T.! I wonder where Derry is now and what he has grown to be like. We used to be such chums in those days."

She selected a mound of sweet scented grass as a seat and deposited an armful of letters, photographs and writing paper, on the grass beside her.

"And to think that one could find as secluded a spot as this so near town," she said. "This is just the place to decide—here with the friendly old oak to council me." And she began arranging the confusion beside her. She placed three pictures in a row and beside each she put some packets of letters; she arranged writing paper and addressed three envelopes. Then she stopped and looked helplessly up into the wide spreading branches of the old tree.

"How can I do it?" she said aloud "When all the time I have a vision of the moonlit terrace and those wonderful eyes burning into mine! Oh! how—how—when all men seem faded in comparison with him? And I don't even know his name!"

Then picking up the pictures one by one—"Jack you are a dear and the best pal I have in the world—but I don't love you—the way you mean. We understand each other perfectly, I know, but I cannot think of you as a lover.—And Nick, you with the gay mischievous eyes. I love to play around with you and you are a wonderful dancer—but dancing and playing aren't everything! You think you are in earnest but how many times has it happened before?—And you Douglass, in the dear old uniform with your black hair and eyes and your sweet smile. You are wonderful looking—but not as much so as—You are 'tender and true!' We are congenial—and I can't bear to make you suffer, but somehow—there is not the strength in your face that.

"No I can't do it! They are all dears but I shall have to tell them—but what shall I say? Tell me wise old oak, shall I be an old maid?"

"Heaven forbid!" said a soft vibrant voice behind her, and turning with a start her eyes encountered, first immaculate white shoes and flannels, a dark coat, a firm chin, sensitive but strong mouth and then with a shock, a pair of deep blue eyes with dark shadows in them. As he saw her full face a sudden light of surprise, incredulity—

and something else—sprang to his eyes. But he recovered himself instantly and bowed lightly.

"Forgive me if I startled you, but really you know, that was a ridiculous question to ask. Of course I am not as wise as the good old oak, but even I can answer that question—May I, or do I intrude?"

The girl, also, had recovered herself and replied coldly—the more so because her heart was pounding fiercely—"Of course you intrude—but how did you find your way here? I thought I was the only one in this neighborhood who knew the path!"

"And I thought I was the only one," he laughed, "for I discovered it myself when I was a kid and the only person with whom I shared my secret was a little girl with big brown eyes and golden curls—she was rather like you, too," he added.

Anne's eyes widened and after a searching look at his face she sprang to her feet and gave him her hand—"Derrol Trenholm," she gasped "Is it really you?"

The surprise in his face gave way to triumph—"As surely as you are Anne Hawthorne!" he cried, "Why I ought to have known you at once, for you really haven't changed much! And to think that we should meet again here, where we used to spend so many happy days playing 'injuns' And look," he added turning suddenly to the tree, there are our initials, just as I carved them the day before you left!"

They were a surprised couple as they stood in the checkered shade hand in hand, trying to adjust themselves to the changes which the years had brought. But the old oak smiled to itself and its leaves rustled and whispered in ecstasy.

Anne recovered herself (and her hands) first. "Let's sit down here, where we used to and you tell me your life's history, since I left," she demanded.

"No," he laughed, "You first. Tell me why you never returned and what you have been doing."

So she told him her tale, how she had met new people, seen strange sights; how she had traveled all over two continents, and was now in her third year at college. As she told her story he watched the play of expression on her face, the delicate curve of her chin and forehead and the mysterious liquid depths of her golden brown eyes. And she on her part, surreptitiously glanced at his soft wavy black hair as the wind ruffled it, and said in her heart, with a sick disappointment "He doesn't remember—he doesn't remember!"

When she had finished she turned to him smilingly, "Now it is your turn," she said "tell me the story of your life."

His eyes met hers with a look that she could not mistake, and she averted his face with the swift characteristic lowering of lashes.

"He knows," her heart said, "And he cares!"

"The story of my life," he began softly, "began on a certain night in June, at one of our last hops. I was dancing when a girl passed me on the floor. I can't describe her—I could not do her justice. I only know that she was my ideal, a dream girl, and the only girl in the world I could ever love. But luck was against me. I didn't know *why* she was with—I didn't know any of the boys she danced with. You know in our school there are so many boys that a fellow hardly *knows* all the men in his own year, by sight—so I was hopeless. I watched for her for several days and had about given up hope of ever seeing her again, when the night of our last hop, she passed me on the terrace and our eyes met. I *did* not guess what her eyes said—she passed on—out of my life, I feared—and left me alone with the sweet terrible pain in my heart—. That is my tale. I had had *look* at the beginning of the new term, in athletics and now I am home on the sick bed—twisted my shoulder a bit," His voice was inconsequential as he added "Can you suggest a proper ending for the tale?" He was leaning toward her now, anxiously watching her face, his heart in his eyes, his body tense—Did she understand? Would she remember? The next minute he knew, by the quick rise of color in her cheeks and

he could have cried for joy. But afraid that he had gone a little too far he instantly added in an impersonal tone—

"And what were you so deeply engrossed in when I first saw you?" And he glanced at the pile into which she had swept the tell-tale assortment in front of her. The photographs, altho face downward, were still palpably photographs, and his smile was rather mischevious. She smiled an answering but rather enigmatical smile as she replied, "I was trying to make a rather important decision."

"I wonder if I can be of any help?" he was suspicious but not quite sure.

"You have already helped, more than you know" she said, with a clear ripple of amusement with a deeper undercurrent of feeling which did not escape him. She picked up the jumble of letters, pictures and writing materials, and uncerimoniously jammed them into a knitting bag. Then with a sigh of relief and a laugh of pure bubbling joy, she turned and looked him full in the eyes—

"I think," she said softly, "that I have made my decision."

III

It was a soft night in June, with fluttering breezes, and the scent of dewy flowers abroad—an ideal night for the last ball of the College season—and also for lovers.

The marble terraces gleamed whitely in the moonlight as a girl and her escort moved leisturely up the steps called by the alluring rhythmic of awaltz. As they reached the top of the last flight, they encountered a man sitting lightly upon the balustrade blowing smoke wreaths to the playful breezes. As the couple passed him, for an instant his eyes encountered those of the girl—then he stepped forward.

"Tom, old top, Miss Fields has been looking everywhere for you. She wants you to take her home. I'll try to take care of Miss Hawthorne," he added laughingly. Just an instant, then the escort with reluctant steps, disappeared, and the girl with maddingly lowered lashes and a quick breath was poised beside the lithe figure of the man, upon the balustrade—quite sufficiently supported! The two were motionless, there on the balustrade. Only, in his blue shadowed eyes there was a look, passionate but hardly a hopeless look, and he was gazing—not at the silvered lawn fretted with the flitting shadows of trees, and jeweled with the gossamer sprays of fairy fountains.

Eleanor Herring '20.

THE MAGIC SPRINGS

Through the forest resplendent with lofty fir trees swept a beautiful carriage—and if in this secluded spot there was any person familiar with the royal coat of arms of the kingdom of Eutruria, they would have known that the carriage belonged to the royal family, but no sign of human life was visible. Only the lofty branches of the fir trees nodded and waved to each other.

On and on the carriage sped, swerving violently at a sharp curve in the road, then coming to a sudden halt in front of a small hut.

A lady descended from the carriage followed by a footman who bore in his arms a sleeping child. They passed through the open door, the peasant and his wife bowing low before her. The footman at her orders gave the sleeping child to the peasant woman, while the lady pressed some gold coins into her hand, then returned to the carriage which sped back through the forest to Eutruria and when the sun had just begun to paint the sky with crimson darts, the carriage stopped before the royal palace—which the lady entered through a secret side door.

The next day the whole kingdom of Eutruria was grieved to learn that Prince Jarl, King Harold's eldest and only son had disappeared. The King and Queen, bowed down with grief were inconsolable. The people gathered in little groups and spoke of it in whispers. Many were the tears they shed for the golden haired, blue eyed lad, who had won their hearts with his bonny smile and charming manners. Only one in the whole great kingdom affected no sign of grief, Oluf, King Harold's brother. Thoughtless, light-hearted and gay he went his way, smiling more than was his wont as though he were secretly pleased. Perhaps the thought that King Harold

if having no heirs at his death, the kingdom would fall to him, was pleasing to his fancy.

In the cottage of the same day, the little lad whom the stately lady had brought the evening before, had been suddenly rudely awakened, dressed in coarse home spun clothes and fed with four other children. And he who had never lifted a finger for himself, was now made to tend the sheep herd while the peasant children played their games.

All day long he tended the sheep, but forgetting them he would go strolling through the meadow, or along some little stream, or lie upon some soft, grassy spot and watch the fleecy, white clouds go sailing by. At first he had tried to make his way home, but at last had given up in despair realizing it was impossible. Many times he was whipped and sent supperless to bed because when he was day-dreaming, one of the sheep had strayed away and he was not able to find it.

Twelve years have winged their way since Prince Jarl's disappearance, indeed he has long since been given up as dead.

In the neighboring kingdom of Lidus, lived King Eulus, life long friend of King Harold, and his daughter Yvonne who had been betrothed to Prince Jarl only a few months before his mysterious disappearance.

One beautiful summer morning Princess Yvonne and her father, King Eulus went for a short walk through the woods near the palace. Flowers of every hue nodded and beckoned and whispered to each other, filling the air with a wonderful sweetness. The lofty firs swayed by gentle breezes nodded and lowered as though they were saying "good morning" to each other. The two wandered on, finding a sort of fascinating delight in following each new winding path, eager to see what new pleasure they could find. They were unconscious of the distance they had gone and the swiftness with which time had sped until they began to retrace their steps. The hot noon-day sun glared down upon them and soon they were tired, hot and thirsty. How great was their surprise and joy when in turning one of the innumerable curves of the winding paths, they came upon a spring around whose sides grew little bushes covered with dark red berries. As they came nearer to the spring they saw that it was clear and pure but a little muddy looking. Too thirsty to care they drank from the spring any way.

Then Princess Yvonne bathed her tired little feet in the water while her father moistened his face and hair with the cool water. The princess, who had been talking to her father, was horrified to see him change from a splendid handsome man, just in his prime, to an old man, bent and feeble. He stood gazing at her feet with an expression of amazement quickly succeeded by one of horror. Wondering at his look, Princess Yvonne glanced at her feet. They were now four times their natural size! Sadly they resumed their journey and ere long reached the palace.

The sad news soon spread and the kingdom was plunged into deepest mourning by the great misfortune which had befallen their beloved King and little Princess.

Prince Jarl now grown to manhood was tending his sheep. Restless, he wandered away from them and hearing the soft musical sound of running waters, he sought to find it. At last he came upon it. A beautiful little brook, on the sides of which, grass grew, green as an emerald, and soft like velvet. From the trees hung great clusters of roses, crimson and white. In the stream the pebbles glowed and gleamed like diamonds, while the tinkling and murmuring of the waters was so soft and sweet that it might have been music made by some fairy's hand. Lying down upon the soft green turf, Prince Jarl was soon lulled to sleep by the musical little stream—Suddenly he awoke to the sound of voices, but could see no one, until lifting his eyes he perceived two night-in-gales.

"Have you heard of the great misfortune which has befallen the beloved King Eulus and his daughter, the Princess Yvonne?" asked one of the night-in-gales.

"No, what is it?"

"Ah, they went for a long walk in the Forest of Darney and when returning they found the Spring of the Red Berries. Being very thirsty, they drank from it.

Now King Eulus is old and bent, while the feet of the dear little Princess Yvonne have become so large as to be four times their natural size."

"Poor unfortunate beings! If only they could drink from this spring! They would then regain their former appearance and great beauty would be given them. For eternal youth and beauty is given to all who drink from these waters."

"Tut, tut, that is true enough, but we cannot have all these clumsy people coming here! Why, they would over run the place and destroy it! Still, it is queer that they have not found it. It is but a short journey to King Eulus' kingdom by the path which passes yon fallen fir."

With which words the two nightingales flew away.

"Poor little Princess!" exclaimed Prince Jarl. "I shall help her, if I can." Quickly he walked through the woods following the path indicated by the nightingales and when the sun hung low in the heavens, Prince Jarl stood within the castle court-yard. Along one of the bordered walks appeared the Princess Yvonne with her attendants walking slowly. Tall, slender and fair, she was not unlike the beautiful white lillies she carried in her arms.

Prince Jarl hastened to her and kneeling kissed her hand.

"Princess Yvonne," he said, "I am Prince Jarl. This morning when I wakened from a nap on the banks of a beautiful little brook, I heard two night-in-gales talking and from them I learned of the great misfortune which had befallen you and your father—and moreover a way to help you!

"Come," said the princess "let us tell my father."

When Princess Yvonne told her father that her companion was the long lost Prince Jarl, he was exceedingly glad to see him. After he had heard the Prince Jarl's story he sat musing for a long while and then exclaimed,

"Tomorrow we shall visit this brook and if it possess the miraculous powers of which you have told me, the Princess Yvonne shall indeed be your wife."

Bright and early on the next morning the three set out and after many hours arrived at the little brook. Princess Yvonne bathed her feet in the beautiful crystal stream and surely enough, they became small again. Her father having bathed his face, became once more young and handsome. Gaily they returned to the palace where preparations were made for the marriage.

A message was dispatched to King Harold and the Queen telling them of Prince Jarl's appearance at their court, of the great service which he had rendered them and extending a cordial invitation to them and Oluf to the coming marriage.

Great was the rejoicing throughout the kingdom of Eutruria when the people learned that Prince Jarl had been found. The happy king and queen could scarcely wait to reach King Eulus' palace so eager were they to see their son.

But at last they had arrived and now were waiting for their son. Great pride filled their hearts when they perceived the manly lad, tall and straight like the great fir trees who had been his companions for so many years, approach them. After talking for many hours the King and Queen went to their rooms to rest a little, for on the morrow Princess Yvonne and Prince Jarl would be married.

No sooner had they left the prince Oluf entered the room.

"Prince Jarl," he said, "I have come to make a confession to you and to seek your forgiveness. It was I who carried you from the palace to the lonely hut in the forest, because I wanted the kingdom of Eutruria for myself. One night I dreamed that I had taken you from your room when sleeping and carried you far away into the forest. Disguised as a lady, no one had recognized me. Therefore I thought of it, the more feasible the plan seemed to me. At last I attempted it—the rest you know—Later I regretted my action but was afraid to bring you back for fear my crime would be detected. Can you ever forgive me Prince Jarl?" he asked as he kneeled before the Prince.

"I would be very selfish were I not to do so", answered the Prince "Let us forget all that has occurred."

So on the morrow Prince Jarl wed the Princess Yvonne and ruled long and wisely over the kingdoms of Eutruria and Lidus.

Helen Terwilliger '20.

HER FOOTBALL HERO

It was the day of the big game and Yale's honor stood at stake. Her championship would be decided in this one game against Harvard. Dick Leonard had failed in his studies and would not get to play unless he made them up. He was the star full back for Yale and knew that they might lose if he did not play. Oh, how he wanted Yale to have the championship.

Margaret Snow, his sweetheart, and niece of the president of the University, promised to help him and gave all her spare time to coaching him. The president was to give him his examinations the morning before the game and if he passed he would have the honor of playing. So Dick rose early and made his way to the office. Margaret had also risen early and happened to be in the hall when Dick came in.

As Dick entered, one of the boys on the team named Jim opened a door near by and crossed hurriedly over to Dick. Neither noticed Margaret as it was slightly dark in the hall.

"Here, take this paper. Maybe it will aid you. Let me know how you come out, said Jim.

"Thanks, old boy, I sure need it. Will meet you on the campus in a couple of hours," replied Dick.

As Dick passed on to the office tears came into Margaret's eyes to think that the man she was going to marry would cheat even to get to play in a foot ball game.

At two o'clock Margaret went to her Uncle's office to find out how Dick had fared. "Uncle John, will Dick get to play?" she asked.

"He passed in all his subjects so he will get to play. But there is something strange about this," Uncle John said.

"Strange about what?"

"Well, I left him in here alone on his honor to take his examinations and he has made better marks than this whole term put together. It looks strange to me."

"Oh, Uncle John, can it be possible? This morning I was unnoticed in the hall and saw Jim Turner give a piece of paper to Dick."

"That explains it. Dick has gone too far. We shall have to investigate."

Out on the field Dick in uniform restlessly awaited word whether he would be able to play or not. Only fifteen minutes more before the game and he had not received any word. Then someone tapped him on the shoulder.

"Mr. Snow says you can't go in the game," said an orderly.

Dick was taken by surprise and feeling the sting, turned pale and took a seat by himself. There he sat watching the game. At the end of the third quarter the score stood 12-12. Just another touchdown for Yale and she would have the championship if she could hold her opponent. Oh, how he wished he were in the game! He knew he could carry the ball over if they would just give him a chance.

Only five minutes more and the game would be over! He rose and started to go when Fuller, the sub full back, fainted. Breathlessly he waited, then he heard his name called.

"Leonard, Leonard! In the game. Come on!"

"But—,"

"Never mind, Get in the game. Play for all you are worth!"

Dick took his place. Only three minutes left. The ball snapped back to him. Away he ran for fifty yards and fell on the line. Yale had won! Yale had won!

At ten o'clock that night Dick made his way to Margaret's home. As he entered she rose and gave him a cool greeting.

"Oh, Dick, you played marvellously, but how could you do such a thing?"

"Do what?"

"Cheat to play!"

"I don't understand you."

"You know what I mean. I saw Jim Turner give you that paper this morning in the hall!"

"Oh, That paper?"

"Yes! That paper!"

"Why Margaret, you think I took that paper to cheat don't you?"

"Yes."

Dick laughed and said, "That paper contained some new signals that I had not practiced and I studied on them in my spare time."

"Oh Dick, can you forgive me? I shouldn't have thought such a thing."

"Yale has won and I have won you," replied Dick.

N. Adele Rines, 1920.

NANCY'S DREAM

Nancy was tired, tired of everything. She came home from school and threw down her books. Everything had gone wrong all day and Nancy was so worn out that she felt like crying as she flung herself on the bed. What was the use of living anyway Everything she had tried that day had been disappointing. Everybody had been unreasonable and cross.

As Nancy lay fuming and thinking, "A girl's life is a dog's life," she fell asleep and as she slept, she dreamed a wonderful dream, in which she was not the heroine, but an onlooker. Never before had Nancy been in the background, for she was one who enjoyed being the center of things, who expected everything of everybody and consequently she was often disappointed.

In her dream she was walking in a quaint old fashioned garden. Only those who have seen such gardens know how beautiful they are. As she strolled along the winding flower-bordered paths, she saw a homey rambling old house. Although it rambled, it had a simple dignity about it. Only persons who appreciate the things some houses seem to say, could understand this house, and Nancy was such a one. This house had an air of peace that the finest of houses often lack.

There the house stood, white in the noonday sun, with cool, leafy trees casting their shadows over it. Now and then its checkered window panes winked in the sun and the white, frilly curtains peeped out. Houses usually look like the people who live in them and Nancy wondered who lived here.

She wandered right up to the old house thinking the inhabitants must certainly be lovely if they were anything like the house. So she stepped upon the wide piazza and to the big, white door with its bright brass knocker.

Although the door was closed and the knocker handy, Nancy did not knock, but just walked in, for it seemed to her that the house didn't mind whether she knocked or not. So she walked into the cool, wide hall with its wide, white and mahogany stairs. The big, grandfather's clock ticked peacefully and the rag rugs gleamed softly.

Peace seemed to steal over Nancy's soul, such peace it seemed, as she had never felt before. She walked into the wide living room which seemed to hold out welcoming arms to her. She felt as if she had never seen such a gracious room. It would have been hard to describe the room had she tried, but it filled her with a deep, calm joy. It was not the furniture in the room, but rather the atmosphere. There is a lot in atmosphere. It is a thing you cannot easily explain. It gets a hold on you.

As Nancy gazed around, she noticed a picture hanging on the wall above the mantel. It was a face of almost angelic beauty and gentleness. The calm blue eyes seemed to hold Nancy's gaze. As she gazed the sweet lips seemed to open and a soft voice seemed to say, "Love lives here!" Suddenly Nancy felt like an alien and a stranger. The room was still friendly but she felt herself out of harmony with it. For the first time in her life she felt that she herself might be at fault.

As she continued to gaze on the beautiful face, a feeling of peace and love gradually stole over her and she awoke resolving that henceforth she would love more and hate less.

Perry Lee Bell '20

WESTWARD HO! KINGSLEY (BOOK REVIEW)

Westward Ho! was written by Charles Kingsley, mainly to commemorate those early days of England's supreme naval and commercial glory, when under the rule of Queen Elizabeth.

The scene is laid mainly in a little village in Devonshire in those times being one of the most important ports in England. The time of the story is from fifteen to twenty years.

We first have introduced to us Amyas Leigh, a Devonian youth with a great desire to go to sea, but his parents will not allow this until he is older. He attends school until he gets into trouble with the school master. A little later his father dies and Sir Richard Greenville in a way takes the place of his father. Sir Richard lets Amyas have his own way and he started on a voyage to Plymouth.

He is not seen in his native land for about three years and when he does come back he falls in love with Rose Salterne, the Mayor of Bideford's daughter. Amyas has many rivals in the men about the village because all are in love with Rose and Rose rejects them all.

Amyas spends most of his time helping Sir Richard round-up some intriguing Jesuits, and hears the sad story of John Oxenhan's death, who was the man that his parents had refused to let him take his first voyage with.

In these times the English and Spanish could not agree on anything and were continually fighting over some question.

While fighting the Spanish, Amyas took a prisoner, Don Guzman. Not knowing what to do with him Amyas communicates with Sir Richard Greenville and is told that Don Guzman can be a guest at his house.

Amyas goes on a voyage with Sir Humphrey Gilbert on an expedition to Newfoundland and Labrador. This expedition was a complete failure.

On his return home he discovered his prisoner, Don Guzman had escaped and taken Rose with him.

Rose's father and all of her suitors fitted out an expedition to find out. They locate an island where Don Guzman has been sent up as Governor. Amyas and his brother go to find Rose. They are fired upon the guards and his brother is wounded.

Later Amyas hears that Rose and his brother are burned at the stake by Don Guzman.

When Philip II warred on England Amyas met Don Guzman and intended killing him but Guzman was drowned.

This ends the adventures of Amyas Leigh.

Carolyn Spencer '20.

CLASS PLAY

The Senior Play of 1920, "Much Ado About Betty", was given in the Princess Theatre on the nights of April 8th and 9th. Few classes put on a play with such a large caste. Thanks to Mrs. Maxwell, Mrs. Leonardi and Mr. Lucy, it was a great success. Each one in the play acted his part perfectly. Between acts the school girls rendered popular songs. The first night the house was crowded and hundreds were turned away so it was given again the following night. Everyone who saw the play was delighted with the performance.

Cast of Characters

Lin Leonard, Betty's one best bet.....	Sherman Moore
Major Jartree of Wichita, not only bent, but crooked.....	Henry McLaulin
Ned O'Hare, a jolly young honeymooner.....	Leslie Roller
Mr. E. Z. Oetrich, who has written a wonderful picture play.....	Glenn Lingle
Dr. McNutt, solid ivory from the neck up.....	Ruben Mason
Jim Wiles, a high school senior.....	Herbert Squires
Archie, a black bell boy at the Hotel Poinsetta.....	William McKim

Officer Riley, who always does his duty.....	Fordyce Russel
Officer Dugan, from Emerald Isle.....	Glenn Whitcomb
Mr. Ebenezer O'Hare, a sick man and a submerged tenth.....	Mr. Whitcomb
Mrs. Ebenezer O'Hare, "Birdie" the other nine-tenths.....	Carolyn Spencer
Aunt Winnie, Betty's chaperone.....	Anna Mason
Lizzie Monahan, Betty's maid with a vivid imagination.....	Cora Lee Tillis
Ethel Kohler, a high school admirer of Betty.....	Ellen Chappell
Violet Ostrich, a film favorite, Ned's bride.....	Ruth Gillon
Mrs. K. M. Diggins, a guest at the Hotel Poinsettia.....	Adele Rines
Daffodil her daughter, "Yes Mamma".....	Julia Zachary
Miss Chizzle, one of the North Georgia Chizzles.....	Eleanor Herring
Pearlie Brown, Violet's maid, a widow of ebon hue.....	Carolyn White
Violet, Violet Ostrich's little girl aged seven.....	Mary Maxwell
Diamond, Pearlie's little girl.....	Theda Bara
Betty, the star of the the Movagraph Company.....	Ethel Henry

High School Seniors

Sam Murrell.....	Newton Lovell
Winnie Strong.....	Alberta Aycocke
Gussie Frank.....	Perry Lee Bell
Rose Gallagher.....	Gladys Adams
Martha Brown.....	

Pianists..... Helen Terwilliger and Virginia DeCoursey

ACT 1..... Betty's apartments near New York Married in haste.

ACT 11..... Parlor D of the Hotel Poinsettia, Palm Beach, Florida.

Three days later, Betty loses her memory.

ACT 111..... Same scene as Act 11. A full honeymoon.

Just Leap Year——That's All.

Helen Terwilliger..... Harvey Parrish.

LOSSING LITERARY SOCIETY

The first meeting of the Lossing Literary Society was held in the High School Auditorium Oct. 12, 1919. Mr. Ogilvie presided at this meeting and read the Constitution and by-laws which were adopted by the Society. The name "Lossing Literary Society" was proposed and adopted in memory of our friend, Arthur Lossing, a former member of the present graduating class, who died on the battle field of France.

The following officers were elected: Ethel Henry, President, Margaret Zachary and May Holly Vice-Presidents from the Junior Sophmore and Freshman classes. Julia Laing Secretary, Rueben Mason Treasurer.

The president then took the chair and appointed a Program Committee, Carolyn White being chairman, Virginia DeCoursey, James Robson and Elmer Wright assistants.

The meeting adjourned until Nov. 2nd.

The first program meeting of the Society was held Nov. 2 and opened with a song by the Society. An address was given by the President, a recitation "The Gold Star" by Curtis Barber. The officers took their pledge and the rules and regulations were read by Helen Terwilliger. Julia Laing gave a piano solo after which the meeting adjourned.

Quite a number of interesting programs were given by the Society this year. There is not room enough for all of them but three deserve special mention. The first was a debate between the boys and girls the subject being Resolved: That basket ball is a better game than foot-ball." The girls debated in their basket ball suits. A committee of judges was appointed from the faculty and the committee decided in favor of the girls.

The affirmative was: Rose Gallagher, Cora Lee Tillis, Julia Zachary.

The Negative: Reuben Mason, Glenn Lingle, Sherman Moore.

The next meeting which seemed to please the members immensely was a little play "Please Pass the cream" given by Florence Henry and Henry McLaulin.

One of the best musical programs given this year was on Jan. 5. This program would have done justice to any high school. It showed the variety of talent which may be found in Sanford High. The following program was rendered:

Selections—Orchestra.

Vocal Solo—Lillie Ruth Spencer

Violin Solo—Eleanor Herring

Hawaiian Chorus, Ukele accompaniment—Six Girls.

Trombone Solo—John Musson.

Piano Solo—Virginia De Coursey.

Selection —Orchestra.

I think I may say in behalf of the High School and the members of the Lossing Literary Society that the meetings have thoroughly been enjoyed, and that we have succeeded thru the Literary Society in promoting the intellectual and social life of the school.

Ethel Henry, '20 Pres.

Otis in chemistry (working out an experiment)

"Miss Gordon, do you use "acrobatic" spirits of ammonia in this experiment?"

† † † † †
The small daughter entertained me while I waited.

"How old is your baby sister?" I inquired.

"O, I don't know," she answered

"We have had her nearly a year ourselves."

† † † † †

Simply Stated

A visitor to a school began an address as follows:

"This morning, children, I propose to offer you an epitome of the life of St. Paul.

Perhaps some of you are too young to grasp the meaning of the word "Epitome"

"Epitome, children, is in its signification synonymous with synopsis."

† † † † †

The Sympathy of the Child

"My darling" said the mother who believed in teaching her children by reason and appeal to their tender feelings,

"If you are naughty Mama will get sick and have to lie in bed in a dark room and take nasty medicine, and then she may die and have to be taken away out to the cemetery and be buried, and you—"

The child had become solemn, but an angelic smile overspread his face at his mother's last words, and throwing his arms about her neck, he exclaimed:

"O, Mama, and may I sit beside the chauffeur?"

† † † † †

Sisterhood of the Powdered Nose

Chief Powder Duster.....Lizzie Flowers

Supreme Wielder of the Powder Puff.....Margaret Ericson

Oracle on paints, powders, etc.....Emily Lingle

Sisters.....Dorothea Mickey, Lucille Jenkins

† † † † †

"Do you love me?" said the paper bag to the sugar.

"I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar.

"You sweet thing!" murmured the paper bag.

† † † † †

Miss Gray—"In the school where I used to go there wasn't any cheating. The students looked down on anyone who cheated?"

Graham Gracy—"What was it? A theological Seminary?"

† † † † †

Advice for Freshmen: Develop a faculty for work, but be shy about working the faculty.

ALUMNI

Mrs. Marlowe, nee Carrie Lovell named the Salmagundi and was also the first editor of this annual. She now has in her possession a copy of the first one printed. Bud Irwin '19 in employed by the Southern Utilities Co. George McLaughlin of '14 is an employee of the Wight Tire Co. Lucca Chappell '14 is bookkeeper for the Wight Tire Co. Winnie Brown '14 is a member of the faculty of the Sanford Grammar School. Ruth Kanner and Ruth Little '17 are also members of the Sanford Grammar School faculty.

Pee Wee Tillis (LaFayette) '19 is an employee of the Atlantic Coast Line. Clair Cameron '19 has recently become intensely interested in politics. Agnes Dumas '19 is working for the A. C. L. Railroad. Helen Hand '19 is studying to be a nurse. Max Bradbury '19 is an employee of the First National Bank.

College Students

Clifford Walker '18.....	University of Florida
Watson McAlexander '18.....	University of Florida
Fern Ward '18.....	Converse College
Rosamond Radford '18.....	Piedmont College
Edna Chittenden '18.....	F. S. C. W.
Helep Peck '19.....	F. S. C. W.
Lillian Schwartz '19.....	F. S. C. W.
Izetta Stone '19.....	F. S. C. W.
Dorothy Rumph '19.....	F. S. C. W.
Tenny Dean '13.....	Stetson University
Frank Chappell '19.....	Sutherland College
Israel Kanner '19.....	Georgia Tech.

Matrimonial

Ruth McDaniels '16.....	Mrs. Sturman
Rene Murrell '14.....	Mrs. Willie Leffler
Annue Whitner '15.....	Mrs. J. C. Hutchinson
Ethel Hickson '15.....	Mrs. Fred Strange
Susie Brown '16.....	Mrs. Martin McDaniel
Edna Williams '19.....	Mrs. Raymond Bulter
Helen Shelton '19.....	Mrs. Ralph Roumilatt
Nellie Long '19.....	Mrs. G. Hunter
Frances Aspinwall '16.....	Mrs. Seth Woodruff
Daisy Betts '15.....	Mrs. Vivian Speer

Recent Deaths

Alice Means Andes
Bertha Packard, nee Mrs. Armstrong

I. O. O. F.

Insignificant Order of Fleas.
Motto— "Flee, Flea!"
Yell— "Rah, rah, rah,
Bite, Bite, Bite,
Sc-r-r-r-atch 'em!"
Colors— Black and blue.

Officers:	
Big Flea.....	Robert Rantoul
Little Flea.....	Glenn Whitecomb
Grande Bite.....	William Dunn
Little Bite.....	Edward McCauly
Common Fleas.....	Edward Moye, Leslie Roller, Sherman Moore



JUNIOR CLASS

Class Motto: Labor Omnia Vincit.

Colors: Blue and Gold.

Class Officers

Curtis Barber.....	President
Virginia DeCoursey.....	Vice President
Vivian Crosby.....	Secretary
John Musson.....	Treasurer

Class Roll

Curtis Barber	Helen Chorpening
Otis Cobb	Vivian Crosby
Virginia DeCoursey	Marion Dieterich
Mary Eula Dyson	Sara Warren Easterby
Martha Garrison	Mary Garrison
Ruby Hart	Ed Henderson
Elizabeth Hoolehan	Julia Laing
Newton Lovell	John Musson
Jennie Rhodes	Dwight Smith
Ablett Smythe	Gertrude Vaughn
Velma Venable	Mamie Kate Williams
Annie Belle Dyson	Charles Henderson



JUNIOR CLASS



YOU'D BE SURPRISED IF

Curtis B. left a whole test-tube in chemistry laboratory.
Helen C. wasn't called "country" by Otis.
Otis C. wouldn't suddenly get sick in chemistry.
Vivian C. wouldn't wink at Kink.
Virginia D. didn't write of St. Michael's church.
Marion D. didn't put water in alcohol lamps.
Mary Eula D. wouldn't flirt with Ablett.
Annie Bell D. would chew gum in English.
Sara Warren E. would stop teasing Curtis.
Mary G. didn't talk to Frederic R. in study hall.
Martha G. would get jealous of Mary
Ruby H. never gets married.
Edward H. would come to some Junior class.
Elizabeth H. winked at Otis in chemistry.
Julia Laing. would agree with anyone.
Newton L. didn't rave about Ocala.
Johnny M. couldn't work an original.
Jennie R. ever explained a proposition.
Dwight S. came to school three days in succession.
Ablett S. would come to school on the same day that Dwight did.
Gertrude V. would come back to school.
Velma V. was scolded by Miss M.
Mamie Kate W. would know something.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Poet and Journalist.

A good many poets have been journalists or editors, but not all have been successful ones; and I am sure, some few journalists have tried to be poets with even less success. But one of our greatest poets, one who was a poet of some name long before he took up editorial work, was also a successful journalist, as well as a poet. William Cullen Bryant shows us that a man can be both poet and journalist, if he has the ability.

William Cullen Bryant was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794 of a very distinguished family. He loved literature from the first and always desired to follow literary work as a profession, that was the great desire of his life. He was unable to finish his college course, but that did not check his progress in literature, for he studied and read widely at home. He studied law and practiced for a number of years, but his heart was devoted to literature.

Upon the publication of several of his earliest poems "The Embargo" and "Thanatopsis" also when he was requested to read his poem "The Ages" before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in Harvard College; because all were received so enthusiastically, and because of the encouragement of his friends, and his own decided preference for literature he decided to try editing a journal; from then, until his death in 1878, he was a journalist by profession, a very successful one after the first few months.

All thoughts and experiences which made him by nature a patriot and a political thinker, he put into his journalistic occupation, but the more delicate, the calm reflection, his great love for nature, he put into his poetry. His highly cultivated taste and lofty ideals had great effect upon his editorial writings; it made them strong, forceful and pure.

It has been said of this great poet, that he presented the rare combination of a poet, who never sacrificed his love of high literature and his devotion to art; and of a publicist who retained a sound judgement and pursued the most practical ends.

Marion Deitrich '21.

MY FAVORITE POET

Of all the distinguished and interesting American poets that we have studied I

like John Greenleaf Whittier best. His life is very interesting and the way he sacrificed his career for the abolition cause shows the intensity of his moral nature. Once he gave this piece of advice to a boy of fifteen: "My lad, if thou wouldst win success join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause."

Born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, Whittier spent his youth on the paternal farm, where his educational opportunities were not first-rate. He possessed a keen appetite for knowledge, however, and at the age of twenty-one, had so enriched and disciplined his mind that he was thought competent to fill the editorial chair of a Boston paper. One year later he went to Hartford, where he edited the "New England Weekly."

From boyhood he had deeply been interested in the subject of slavery, and his conviction of the sinfulness of that institution was strengthened with his growth. He was one of the original members of the American Anti-slavery Society, and having been appointed one of its secretaries he took up his residence in Philadelphia, where he remained for four years writing constantly for anti-slavery periodicals.

His first volume, "Legends of New England" in prose and verse was published in 1831. This has been followed by nearly thirty volumes, mostly in verse. Two of Whittier's poems, "Maud Muller" and "Snowbound" have enjoyed an exceptional popularity. The former telling the story of a universal experience, appeals to every heart; while the latter gives the most faithful and finished pictures of winter life in rural New England that have ever been drawn by a poet.

The sentiment of Whittier's verse is generally elevated and is expressed with mingled tenderness and dignity. His style lacks elegance and is sometimes marred by positive faults, but these are more than balanced by the vigor and intensity of his passages.

The following are some extracts from his writings:

"We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down."

"O, rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law
Beyond its own sweet will!"

Ruby Hart, 21.

MY FAVORITE POET

Among the American poets that I have studied Edgar Allan Poe appeals to me most. I like to think of him as unusual. There isn't another American poet that he resembles. His life, personality, and poetry are all very different from the other writers and poets.

Poe's life was very unhappy. It was a failure from the beginning to the end, but his life is being less remembered and his marvelous works are the one outstanding feature that occupy people's minds in the remembrance of him. His poetry was the only means he had of expressing the sad failure of his life and it is perfectly reflected in all of his works. Poe's one joy was his lovely child wife Virginia Clemm and again and again we hear him expressing his passionate love for her in his verse.

We find Poe to be very sensitive, sometimes over sensitive, vain, restless, lonely, impulsive, and to have a desire for some unattainable ideal of beauty. But this is the gloomy side of his nature. He also had finer qualities. Some of these are keen intellect, culture, and refinement. By his pleasing manners he won many friends—but then, in a sense, he was remote from them. Poe loved solitude. He was ever in search of peace and happiness but failed to find either.

Poe was a lyric poet and reflected his feelings in all of his works. His theme was nearly always about a beautiful woman that was taken away by untimely death. In "Annabel-Lee" Poe expresses the love he had for his wife. His poems were short; he believed that a touching thought could not last long so he made his poems short and

dealing with a single emotion. Poe's poetry was musical. He loved harmony and melodious sounds. We find in his poetry harmony, originality and beauty. His verse was those haunting, beautiful sounds that one cannot forget.

Despite all that is said against the famous poet we find that as an artist of the beautiful and of the terrible and as a dream of the fantastic his appeal is world wide.

Velma Venable '21.

DEATH AT FORDHAM

At a quiet country place called Fordham in a small three room cottage lived Edgar Allen Poe with his wife Virginia and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm. The house was poorly furnished and poverty and want were stamped over everything but in spite of this they were happy for Poe and his wife were dearly devoted to each other and when they were outside taking walks in the country and enjoying the fields and the daisies, for the scenery about their place was beautiful, they forgot they were poor and needy. But summer and fall passed swiftly and when the cruel winter came with ice and snow and cutting winds it found misery and distress within the little cottage and Virginia was ill. There she lay on a bed of straw, with only her husband's overcoat and a cat to keep her warm, while Poe was forced to watch her suffer unable to do anything to make her last hours easier or to give her the comforts which she so needed. Those who knew him as cold, proud and reserved would never have recognized Poe in the gaunt, pale hollow-eyed man with misery, pain and suffering stamped so plainly upon his face. And when his wife died nothing could comfort him as all the joy of life had gone out with her. The death of his wife under such distressing conditions was Poe's one great sorrow. Many and beautiful are the poems he wrote to her.

Jennie Rhodes '21.

Freshman—"I smell cabbage burning."

Senior—"You've got your head too near the stove."

† † † †

Mrs. Leonardy—"Some one tell us where the Treaty of Paris was signed?"

Bright Senior—"At the bottom."

† † † †

Prof.—"Why are you late this morning?"

Senior—"Our clock stopped."

Prof.—"Well, how did that happen?"

Senior—"The mosquitoes were so bad that I suppose one bit its little hand and it had to stop to scratch it."

† † † †

Prof. Ogilvie—(To Freshman in Office) "Well What did you come in here for?"

Freshmen—"Oh, just to follow the crowd around."

† † † †

Miss Gordon (In Science)—"Billy name some fats."

Billy Fitts—"Skinny Melton."

† † † †

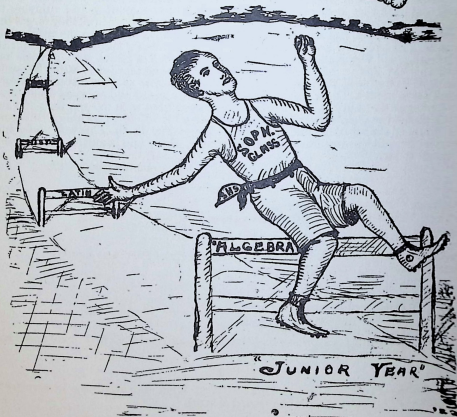
Mrs. Maxwell (In English)—"Tell something of Charles Dicken's dress."

Cora Lee—"Oh, I know, he liked showy things. He wanted to be a motion picture actress."

19

SOPHOMORE
CLASS
S.M.S.

20



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Class Motto: Ad astra

Class Colors: Garnet and Gold.

Class Officers

Florence Henry	President
Leonard McLucas	Vice President
Lucile Jenkins	Secretary
Victor McLaulin	Treasurer

Class Roll

Mary Bell Allen
Merrie Francis Ball
Kate Brown
Anna DuBose
Frances Dutton
Margaret Gallagher
Pearl Garwood
Marion Hand
Florence Henry
Lucile Jenkins
Margaret Melton
Nellie Messenger
Dorthea Mickey
Esther Miller
Edward McCalley
Victor McLaulin
Leonard McLucas
Lee Peck

Lila Murrell
Virginia Neeley
Florence Price
Lillian Shinholser
Zillah Welsh
Margaret Zachary
Clayton Bailey
William Fitts
Fay Lossing
Willard Lumley
William Mallem
Henry Miles
Arthur Moore
Gale McAlexander
Frederic Rines
James Robson
Bertram Shephead
Byron Stephens

Fred Pope

UNIVERSAL INTEREST

Miss Study Hall teacher was inclined to have bad order in the study hall. She was always busy. Help could only be given to those really in need. Little or Rueben held up his hand and the teacher affirmed it by nodding, as she knew that help to him was indeed needful. He came up with his primer to take his course in his A. B. C's for it was near his graduation.

The pupils were at their best behaviour as they knew that an inspector was visiting the school. Some of the girls were holding hour conversations while others were testing their daily staring habit. This was mainly worked on the boys. Many of the boys had work of the greatest importance. Among these was a very small boy who's name is Gale who was taking to pieces desks of his fellow sophomores, with his new jack knife. When he lent his knife out his next act was to shoot gummed spit balls at the hair of the girls. Byron, busy with his weekly knife carving sketching his picture on the ceiling for the young ideas of the future to go by. The teacher's favorite trio, of course, very good boys, were busy using the library in the rear of the hall. Their interest in the books was as follows: from James to Fred and then to Leonard who was practicing a twentieth century art, by throwing books at the electric lights, window panes and with deadly aim at Williard, Henry and Frederic who were extraordinarily bad boys. They received continuously for a school term the Golden Rod at the usual daily hour, with their deportment below zero.

Bang! Clash! went a 1492 encyclopedia of a renowned price, that struck with great force against the teacher's desk and then the floor. She arose and gave them her blessings and asked them kindly to take pains thereafter, as she wanted to conclude Rueben's A. B. C's.

Mister Ogilvie, the principal of the school, on entering the study hall was put to sleep for a few minutes wandering in the ancient world. This was caused by Shakespeare's works, which had just been handled carelessly by the trio in there. He stood up afterwards and quieted the pupils by telling them that a certain Mr. N. Vestigator had examined the school and declared that it was the finest, most orderly, most studious, and most highly educated group he had ever seen this side of the Rockies, and that he would appreciate the sending of a human sample to the president of the Bord to admire.

William Mallem '22.

SUPPOSE THIS WAS TRUE

"So you wish me to point out the different pupils and tell you a little about each one, concerning his work, etc.," said the Soph to the visitor who was taking statistics. "Very well, I shall start out with Zilla Welsh. She is known as the most mischievous girl in the class. None of the teachers are able to control her and they are afraid who won't pass this year, her marks are so terribly low. That boy over there? Oh yes, that is Henry Miles. As for chewing gum in school and saucing the teacher he can't be beaten. And those three girls back in the corner are Francis Dutton, Florence Henry and Marion Hand. They are the only girls in the class who haven't gotten any demerits this year, neither have they been kept in for giggling in any of their school career. Yes, that girl is Dorthea Mickey, poor girl! She can't study her lessons for making eyes at Gale McAlexander and Gale is such a terror we tremble for both of them. Yes, Frederick Rines is the champion heavy weight of the school and Edward McCalley, surely he is the smallest giant in captivity. Yes, Lillian Rhinholser is a very nice girl but my she is so melancholy as is Esther Miller. Poor girl! Never in the history of the class have they been known to smile. Katie Brown! Yes she is in the class, but Katie must have lost her tongue, we never hear her talk any more. You are right, Anna DuBose would be a nice girl if she wasn't so boisterous. Indeed that is our Margaret Melton, poor girl, we are a little in doubt as to her health. I fear it is over study as she and Merrie Francis Ball are losing weight daily. Too much study is not good for anyone says Byron Stevens and he is right, look how fat he manages to keep. Nellie Messenger is the girl in the third seat



SOPHOMORE CLASS



Nellie is worrying these days about her surplus avoirdupois, she's trying every way to reduce. Lyle Tapp? Yes, he's over there, he is always ready for the questions of the teachers and never has to be told the second time about anything. Fay Lossing sits in that seat, no the one just above, Fay is taking every precaution to stunt his growth he is so frightfully tall, you see. Margaret Zachary would be a nice girl if she were not so untidy. Lila Murrel? Yes she is our champion for being on time at school and Ed Moye is our smallest boy. Lucile Jenkins is so unruly we dread the worst and Erminia Houser would like school except for one reason, she doesn't care for the football season. So you have heard of Billy Pitts? Yes he is so fond of his books he stays in most every afternoon until five o'clock with them. Betram Shepherd is hopeless when it comes to Latin but he enjoys it, so let him be. Carrie Stanley and Margaret Gallagher are always trying to raise a disturbance in school. Fred Pope? Yes, Fred is tardy to-day but I can't understand for that is so unusual. Arthur Moore and Victor McLaulin declared that they would never ride in a Ford again last week. Florence Price is just another case of stupidity. Willard Lumley? Yes he is so fat these days he has to be carried around on stretchers. Mary Bell Allen is for ever singing out in school, and she can't keep her eyes off the boys. Leonard McLucas, last but not least, sits on one of those front seats. He would be better nicknamed angel or some thing like that he is so angelic. He has firmly resolved never to chew gum again or go out at night. You think you would know us all in the dark? Well, really I do think you would know us better there than you do by these descriptions. Good-day."

Florence E. Henry '22.

AN INCIDENT THAT TAUGHT ME A LESSON

In order to make a short cut through the fields on the way home from school, the boys of our neighborhood had to cross a creek about thirty feet wide. There was a large pipe across this creek, about a foot in diameter. At intervals of about ten feet a part there were large cement piers which encased the pipe.

I was the smallest boy in the bunch, and, as I couldn't balance myself well enough to walk across this pipe, I just crawled along. The other boys teased me about it so much that my brother told me if I didn't walk across like a man he would take his belt to me. I didn't want to walk across even at that, so, he took pity on me and didn't strap me.

But as I was getting tired of all that teasing, I made it a point to go home alone next day so I could cross the creek without anybody bothering me. The pipe extended about six feet on either end and I walked back and forth the end to learn to balance myself. Finally getting my courage up I started over the creek. I gained the first pier in safety and stopped to renew my courage, as it had been shaken even though I did get there all right.

After a little while I started off again, I had reached only the middle when I heard all the boys coming. I got a little shaky and then I heard one of them halloo.

"Look at Scoop walk across that pipe." exclaimed one. "Scoop" was my nickname among the boys there.

That made me a little more shaky and I found myself going from one side to the other. I gained my balance again, but one of the boys threw a rock in the water near me. This was too much and off I went into the water.

Oh! that water was cold! I looked to shore and it seemed as though it was a mile away. I began to swim and struck my foot on the bottom of the creek. To my amazement I could walk as the water was only two feet deep.

Well, I got out all right but was soaked from head to foot. My brother took me by the yand and forced me to run home as fast as he could go. I managed to get upstairs without my mother seeing me and I put on my work clothes which were dry.

On reaching the front room my mother said, "Fay I want you to go uptown for me to get some groceries."

At that I had to tell her about the accident and she sent my brother instead. But I never did walk across that pipe again nor never will walk across another one.

I learned that it was better to be teased than to do anything that might end disastrously for me.

Fay Allan Lossing '22.

BOBBY'S SURPRISE

When Bobby Kerns reached home she found a letter. Bobby had just been wishing something peppy would happen, and here was a letter from one of her best chums out of the city. The letter read:

Dear Bobby:

I've just received permission to have a great, big, sporty house party. It's to be this Thursday, and a whole short week of it. Be sure to come. All the crowd will be here.

Your Nervous,
Ikke.

Bob repeated this surprise to her mother.

"Mother, Iylah Griffin is giving a house-party in her new home, out of town. It is to begin to-morrow. I'm so glad I've finished with the dressmaker. Now I have a few new clothes and a place to wear them, for a change. Where is the large suit-case? I must start packing right away. What dress and hat will I wear out there? And—"

"Here, here, I haven't said you could go yet," interrupted her mother, "and besides you haven't gotten your father's permission."

Bob then, slowly walked to her room as she knew it would be no use arguing until her father came home. Bob was determined she was going, so she answered herself the question which she had asked her mother. She hunted and found the largest suit-case, and picked out the dress and hat to wear. Then she filled her suit case with only the essentials, a sport suit, several white skirts and shirtwaists, a couple of linen dresses, the prettiest evening dress and her newest bathing suit etc.

Night came at last, after much patience on Bobby's part.

"I have an invitation to Iylah Griffin's home for a week, to a house party. We go to-morrow," said Bob to her father at the dinner table that night.

"Don't you think you have been going a great deal too much frolicing lately?" asked her father.

"There will never be too much for me."

"Well I fear you can't go this time," added her mother.

"Oh, please, if it wasn't Ikke's, I wouldn't care, but, but I've just got to go this time," begged Bobby.

"No, not this time, and that's the end," she heard her father say harshly. At this Bob left the room, almost in tears. She just couldn't look at her unkind parents.

Nevertheless Roberta Kerns still had her determination. Next morning she dressed and left on the train before her parents arose. She left a note saying:

"I will see you a week from to-day. Sorry I differed from you when you said stay home. Wish me good luck and I'll return it."

Bobby of course arrived at her chum's house many hours before the rest of the party. Iylah Griffin was very much the same build and character as her friend Bob. Neither was read to stop when a good time was on.

The guests finally arrived. A dandy crowd it made, six boys and six girls. Including Bob and Ikke. The fun began immediately, with a plunge in the pool, after which followed a picnic lunch in a grove of pine trees. Their bathing suits were the costumes used most of the time. Each one tried to see who could do the most tricks in the water, ride the most ways and the fastest on horseback, who could put the largest number of crackers in his mouth at once, and who could do the most and newest steps in dancing.

All of this went on during the week days and on Sunday they rested when time was found. Bobby had the time of her life, never once thinking of her disobedience.

dience. This bunch of jolly girls and boys, kept up their gay frolicing until the last moment, very little time taken out for sleeping or eating.

Not until after she had bidden her friends good-bye, and told Ikie what a perfectly wonderful time she had had, and Bobby was on her way home, did she think of what was to happen to her when she got there. Maybe she wouldn't be allowed out of her room for months, or possibly they wouldn't let her in the house at all. Bob's thoughts grew worse and worse.

When she reached home, she knocked on the door and it was answered by the butler. She walked in without a word trembling with fear of the near future. She went to the sitting room, where her mother usually sat during the day. Her mother wasn't there. So next she gave a look in Mrs. Kern's bed-room finally ending up with searching the house. Her mother was not to be found. Bobby couldn't imagine where the folks were and not even a note left for her. When she found out it did no good to look or think, she went into the living-room and tried to read until dinner time. "They surely will be home by dinner time. Oh, what will they do to me? They can't be so terribly angry. They were young once," argued Bob with herself over and over again until she thought she would scream.

Dinner time finally came. She ate hers which was very little, alone. About nine o'clock the front door opened very quietly and in walked mother and father. When Bobby was seen a solemn "Oh!" was heard from both parents, but that was all. They removed their wraps and went to see about dinner positively ignoring their daughter. Bob managed to get to her room, almost stunned.

The next morning she wasn't even called to breakfast. At lunch time she ate with the family but she wasn't paid the least bit of attention. Bobby knew that if they wouldn't speak to her it was not her place to speak either. She only waited and waited for the first word from her father or mother which was to be a word of punishment.

This state of affairs continued a whole week and the mental combat drew to a conclusion one night when Bobby was walking around the house very doleful and forlorn.

"Oh, mother, I'm so very sorry—" began Bobby. All three just had to give in then.

Frances Dutton, '22.

Miss Muriel—"What are you doing in that seat? Were you there last period?"

Victor McLaulin—"Yes I was."

Miss Muriel—"You were?"

Victor—"Well, I were then."

† † † †

Teacher—"Name four kinds of sheep."

Jamie R—"Black sheep, white sheep, Mary's little lamb and the Hydraulic Ram."

† † † †

Miss Muriel—"You girls speak of being winded from playing Basket Ball—"

Wallace B.—"Yes from smoking cigarettes."

† † † †

Miss Clrk—"Rhoda tell something of the Gauls."

Rhoda—"Do you mean the light-headed ones?"

† † † †

Miss Gray— (Speaking to Bill, who has his hands in his pockets)—"I don't want you to take another thing out of your pockets."

Bill M (With an idea)—"Miss Gray, may I take my hands out of my pockets?"



WHAT WOULD HAPPEN

- If Margaret Berner couldn't work Algebra?
- If Elizabeth Flowers wouldn't wink at Edward Rumph?
- If Mae Holly weren't shy?
- If Demarius Musson's hair was straight?
- If Mary Cadman weren't English?
- If Robert Rantoul weren't little?
- If Wallace Bell wouldn't flirt?
- If Pierce Griffin were an angel?
- If William Moye wouldn't have to stay after school?
- If Robert Holly wouldn't draw pictures of bathing girls?
- If Gladys Wilson hadn't bobbed her hair?
- If Rhoda Vaughn were sensible?
- If Emily Bailey missed a question?
- If Charlotte Smith were slim?
- If Nora Jenkins didn't have dimples?
- If Doris Moore were mad at Lizzie?
- If Emily Lingle wouldn't powder her nose?
- If Sarah Wheelless would powder hers?
- If the Freshmen Class would pay their class dues?

Emily Lingle '23.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Class Motto: Excelsior.

Class Colors: Green and White

Class Officers

Nora Jenkins.....	President
Edward Rumph.....	Vice-President
Harvey Parish.....	Secretary
Emily Lingle.....	Treasurer

Class Roll

Marion Appleby
Buelah Brown
Iris Britt
Emily Bailey
Margaret Berner
Margaret Ericson
Lorene Franklin
Elizabeth Flowers
Ollie Vera Glisson
Elizabeth Garrison
Mae Holly
Nora Lee Jenkins
Geraldine Kent
Virginia Long
Emily Lingle
Gladys Wilson
Helen Walthall
Clara Wright
Sarah Wheelless
Mary Cadman
Merton Aycocke
W. A. Adams
Wallace Bell
George Cowan
Henry Cameron
Henry Chappell
William Dunn
Peirce Griffin
Arthur Gatchel
Robert Holly

Demarius Musson
Doris Moore
Alice Gooding McKim
Ella Mary Muirhead
Rosa Melheim
Cora Rutherford
Gertrude Runge
Ruby Pearl Strewing
Clara Swaggerty
Winnie Swaggerty
Charlotte Smith
Lily Ruth Spencer
Inez Strange
Marie Stemper
Rhoda Vaughn
Robert Igou
Roy Howard
Philip Miles
George Mathews
William Moyer
Harvey Parish
Edward Rumph
Troy Ray
Rush Stafford
Robert Thrasher
Elmer Wright
Robert Williams
Ralph Woodruff
Roy Wood
Robert Rantoul

THE ANCIENT MARINER

In his wanderings over the world the Mariner finally came back to the place where he had met the Wedding Guest several years before and told him his dreadful tale. He was not here long before he found another to talk too. The second man happened to be the brother of the Wedding Guest, so having heard of the Mariner and his story he was more interested than he would have been otherwise. The Mariner had almost finished his story when suddenly looking up at the sky his face took on a frightened look and pointing upward he cried, "The Albatross!, the Albatross!" then he fell to the ground and writhed all the while praying to the Gods to save him. after awhile he became still, his voice ceased, the Ancient Mariner's spirit had gone on a longer flight than any the Albatross had ever known.

The brother of the Wedding Guest declared that an Albatross circled above their heads croaking something that sounded like this:

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Mariner!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Gertrude Runge, '23.

THE DEATH OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

The Ancient Mariner had just finished saying:

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The young cavalry officer, who had been listening to his story, had ridden away, when the Mariner fell down in a swoon. After a little while he heard some sweet voices and looking up beheld a troop of angels. One of them was carrying the Albatross on a string. Another was carrying a cross-bow and quiver of arrows. As they drew nearer one of them stepped out and approached the Ancient Mariner.

"What is it that you most wish?" it asked.

"I wish that the Albatross had not been killed and that it was living now," he said.

Instantly the Albatross, which one of the angels was carrying, spread its wings and rose in the air, and the cross-bow and the arrows were blown into nothing by a sudden blast of wind.

Then the angels told him to come with them. So he did as he was bid and the angels carried him up into heaven, where he became one of them.

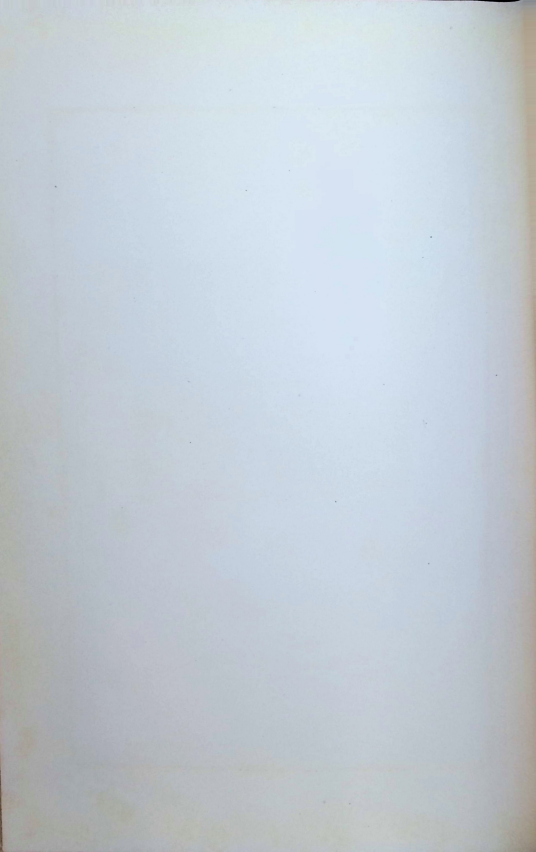
Robert Rantoul, '23

THE MARINER'S DEATH

It was spring. All the flowers were beginning to unfold their tiny petals. The trees were green and leafy. The birds were holding a concert. "How beautiful is



FRESHMAN CLASS



Nature," thought the Ancient Mariner as he sat under an apple tree which was pink and white with bloom.

The Mariner while on his way to the kirk had stopped to rest under the tree. Who in such a place as this could keep from dreaming? Was the past which had been so terrible coming back? No. Instead of the land of ice and snow he was wandering in a land of rest and sunshine. The large trees thick with foliage furnished the homes for scores of chattering birds. Here and there he could see a bushy tailed squirrel running along on the branches and jumping from tree to tree. Little green snakes with tiny eyes of jet crawled along and looked at him in wonderment as if to say "What stranger has come to dwell with us?"

The Wedding Guest stooped to arouse the Mariner. He even touched him on the shoulder but the poor old Mariner had gone to dwell in the land with God's creatures.

Virginia Long '23.

ALYCE ANDES

Charming, vivacious, and gifted, with a brilliant future before her, we cannot help but regret her untimely end. Only last year a graduate from Sanford High School where she made an enviable record, she entered in the Fall of 1919 Maryville College. Here, as in high school she continued to make good until the Flu sweeping over the country like some great river escaping from its banks, claimed her as a victim.

ATHLETICS



BASKET BALL

Basket Ball this year though not complete success was more successful than Football. Glenn Whitcomb was elected Manager and Captain. A fairly good schedule was secured and the fight was on. We did not have a championsip team but we would have given someone a run for their money if we could have kept Thomas Check. Check was a whirlwind at the guard position and a good steady player at forward. But as luck would have it illness in his family called him home. This left a big gap in the lineup which was soon filled by Edward Moye.

Line Up

Lingle—Center
 Parrish—Forward
 Whitcomb—Forward
 Moye—Guard
 Moye—Guard
 Mason, Barber, Musson, Bailey—Subs.

Schedule

Sanford H. S.	18	Seabreeze	25
Sanford H. S.	4	Leesburg	28
Sanford H. S.	33	Eustis	23
Sanford H. S.	42	Seebreeze	9
Sanford H. S.	20	DeLand	28
Sanford H. S.	32	Eustis	18
Sanford H. S.	13	Leesburg	22
Sanford H. S.	20	DeLand	21

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Basket ball was invented, not handed down from past generations. The inventor was a young man named James Naismith, a student at the Y. M. C. A. training school in Plainfield Mass. One night in 1891, after hearing a lecture on inventions, he went home and invented Basket-ball, drawing up the rules that night and trying them out the next day with some students. The game was successful from the first and has always been popular.

The first of the year a meeting of the student body was called to organize an Athletic Association. The following officers were elected: Glenn Whitcomb, President Cora Lee Tillis, First Vice-President, Glenn Lingle, second Vice President, Harvey Parish, Secretary, Sherman Moore, Boy's Treasurer, Adele Rines, Girl's Treasurer. The girls elected Julia Zachary as manager of the basket ball team and Ethel Henry Captain.

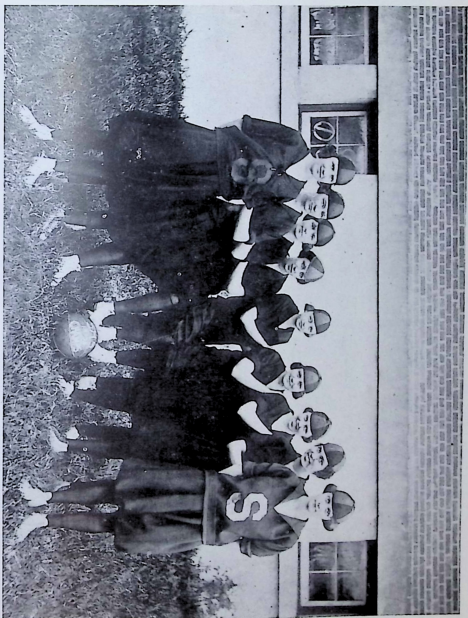
After hard practice the following team was selected to represent Sanford High for the season of 1919 and '20.

Cora Lee Tillis '20	Right Forward
Anna Mason '20	Left Forward
Sarah Warren Easterby '21	Jumping Center
Esther Miller '22 }	Running Center
Adele Rines '20 }	
Ethel Henry '20	Right Guard
Rose Gallagher '20 }	Left Guard
Julia Zachary '20 }	
Ruth Gillon '20	Substitute

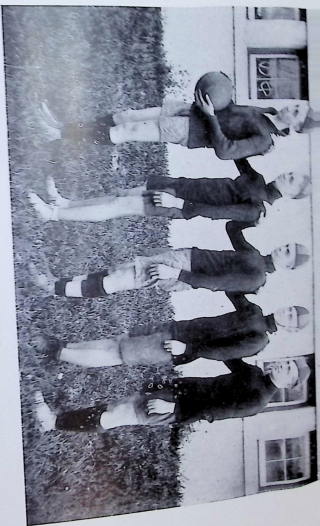
A schedule for sixteen games was arranged but on January 23 the Leesburg team failed to appear without any notice before hand. The following record was made by the Girls Basket Ball team.



BOYS FOOT BALL TEAM



GIRLS BASKET BALL TEAM



BOYS BASKET BALL TEAM

Sanford.....	53	Kissimmee	7
Sanford.....	20	Seabreeze.....	11
Sanford.....	15	Kissimmee.....	14
Sanford.....	17	Rollins.....	12
Sanford.....	28	Leesburg.....	8
Sanford.....	24	Cathedral.....	9
Sanford.....	21	Seabreeze.....	18
Sanford.....	16	Stetson.....	20
Sanford.....	26	Orlando.....	16
Sanford.....	30	Rollins.....	23
Sanford.....	26	Stetson.....	13
Sanford.....	76	Orlando.....	7
Sanford.....	7	Cathedral.....	13
Sanford.....	14	Duval.....	19
Sanford.....	24	Duval.....	38

Total	397 points	228 points.
-------	------------	-------------

In the history of S. H. S. athletics the following have left this school with a star to their credit.

Helen Hand '19.....	One star.
Helen Peck '19.....	One Star
Robert Green '17.....	One star
Cora Lee Tillis '20.....	Two stars
Ethel Henry '20.....	One star.
	Carolyn Spencer '20.

FOOTBALL

Football was started directly after the beginning of the school year. Glenn Lingle was elected Captain of the football team and Harvey Parrish was elected Manager. A schedule was arranged and although it was very slim some of the best teams in the state were included in it.

LineUp

Curtis Barber—Center
Murton Aycocke—Guard
Clayton Bailey—Guard
Sherman Moore—Tackle.
Fordyce Russell—Tackle
William Moye—End
Robert Holly—End
Harvey Parrish—Quarter-Back
Glenn Lingle Capt.—Half back
Albett Smythe—Half Back
Ruben Mason—Full Back
Wallace Bell—Sub.

Orlando H. S.	37	Sanford H. S.	0
Rollins College	12	Sanford H. S.	6
Rollins College	6	Sanford H. S.	0

BASEBALL

As this book goes to press before the completion of our baseball season we are at a loss as to what will be the final success of it. Edward Moye was elected Manager and Glenn Lingle Captain of this year's team.

The boys under the leadership of Prof. Ogilvie and Capt. Lingle are working

hard and showing up well at the National sport. A good schedule has been arranged including some of the best teams of the state.

Two games have already been played this season. One with New Smyrna High School which we won 11-9. The other was played with the strong Winter Park team. We lost this game by a score of 11-2.

Line Up

McLucas—Catcher
E. Henderson—1st Base
Lingle or Whitcomb—2nd Base
Woodruff—Short Stop
C. Henderson—3rd Base
W. Moye—L. Field
E. Moye—C. Field
R. Mason—R. Field
Lingle, Whitcomb—Pitchers
Russell, Smythe—Substitutes.

Glenn Lingle '20.

SWIMMING MEET

One of the last athletic events of the year was the first Annual Interscholastic Aquatic Meet held at Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla., May 1st, in which ten high schools were represented. Sanford sent down both a girl's team of five and a boy's team of five, and altho they had no coaching and very little practising, they held up Sanford's old rep of doing well, whatever is begun. The boys won fourth place in the meet and the girl's team won third. After the meet was over, a banquet was given to the schools participating, by Rollins College and the cups were presented to the winners. West Palm Beach boys and the St. Petersburg girls. After the banquet the people went over to the Gym, where a delightful dance was given and the day was brought to a happy close. The Rollins students gave us a splendid good time and we hope to go back next year with a still better team which will win both cups, from the present proud owners.

The list of events and the places won are as follows:

For Boys	First	Second	Third
1. 40-yard dash	W. Palm Beach	Orlando	Sanford
2. 220-yard dash free style	W. Palm Beach	Orlando	
3. Plunge for distance	Sanford	Palm Beach	Kissimmee
4. 100-yard dash free style	Palm Beach	Sanford	
5. 220-yds., breast stroke	Hillsborough	Orlando	Palm Beach
6. Fancy Diving	Palm Beach	Hillsborough	G. Washington
7. 440 yds. free style	Palm Beach	Hillsborough	Orlando
8. 150 yds. back stroke	Hillsborough	Orlando	Sanford
9. Relay, 4 persons, 40 yards each			
For Girls	First	Second	Third
1. 25 yard dash	St. Petersburg	Sanford	Hillsborough
2. 50 yd. dash free style	St. Petersburg	Hillsborough	Sanford
3. Plunge for distance	St. Petersburg	Hillsborough	Sanford
4. 75 yd dash free style	St. Petersburg		
5. 40 yd. dash breast stroke	St. Petersburg	Hillsborough	Sanford
6. Fancy Diving	Hillsborough	St. Petersburg	Sanford
100 yd. dash free style	St. Petersburg	Orlando	Hillsboro
8. 50 yd dash back stroke	St. Petersburg	Hillsborough	Orlando
9. Relay, 4 persons, 40 yd dash	St. Petersburg	Hillsborough	Sanford

Our teams were: Boys: John Musson, Fordyce Russell, Wm. A. Adams, Ablett Smythe, Glen Lingle.

Girls: Frances Dutton, Ellen Chappell, Esther Miller, Ethel Henry, Eleanor Herring.



Professor Beck, the English teacher and Athletic director at the University of Florida visited us twice during the year. We enjoyed having him very much and wish that he could have come oftener.

The music in chapel every morning has been much improved this year by the addition of an orchestra selected from the grades.

Mr. Cawthon, the state inspector of schools was a visitor in the school one day and commended our school very highly.

Everyone has enjoyed having the ministers with us in chapel this year. They gave some very helpful and interesting talks.

On April 12th the Senior girls presented Mrs. Maxwell and Mrs. Leonardi with a breast pin each. Adele Rines, the president of the Senior Class, presented them in chapel with a few words just to show our appreciation for the many things they have helped us in during the year.

Mr. Reynolds, field secretary of the Y. M. C. A. gave us a short talk this year.

Among the prominent visitors to the school was Dr. Lincoln Hulley, the president of Stetson University, one morning recently.

On Friday night April 23 the Girls Basket Ball Team gave a banquet at the Valdez Hotel for the faculty and friends who have helped make the season a success. Toasts were given throughout the evening by the toast master, Mr. Roby Laing, who was also our referee in this season's game. It was the most enjoyable of the season's social affairs.

Carolyn Spencer entertained the Senior Class and faculty of the Sanford High School at her home April 20 at eight o'clock. It was a regular old fashioned party for the girls wore gingham dresses or bungalow aprons and the boys wore overalls. The evening was pleasantly spent in contests in which Ellen Chappell and James Schaal were the fortunate winners. During the evening delicious ice cream and cake

in the class colors purple and gold, were served. The hostess was assisted in serving by her sister, Lillie Ruth Spencer and Mrs. H. B. Coney.

Six girls of the Senior Class, Anna Mason, Cora Lee Tillis, Ruth Gillon, Eleanor Herring, Ethel Henry, and Julia Zachary, entertained their class and faculty Friday night May 7 with a weinna roast at Lake Onora. The swim before the eats was enjoyed by all. A big bonfire was started and they had a great deal of fun roasting the weinnas around the fire. When everyone had eaten sufficiently they sang songs and played games until it was time to leave.

This year the Contenten Lyceum Course has added a great deal to the school's entertainments.

After some of the girls' basket ball games, the team entertained the visiting girls with informal dances, which all seemed to enjoy. When the Duval girls played here and won the championship they were given a dance and this served to promote greater cordiality between the teams.

On Monday April 12th the boys of the High School organized the Overall Club. They elected for President Fordyce Russell, Vice-President, Henry McLaulin, Secretary and Treasurer Professor Ogilvie. This was started to bring down the high cost of clothes, and if kept up long enough will certainly do some good. Overalls have become so popular now that the boys very seldom ever think of wearing any other costume.

Everyone had a grand time at Lake Harney Wednesday night April 21st, when the Senior boys entertained the Senior girls and faculty with a swimming party. The crowd arrived at the Lake late in the afternoon. Bathin gkeyed up the appetites for a big picnic supper which all more than enjoyed. After this games and dancing were kept up till time to go home.

J. Z. '20.



An Horse

An horse is a animal with four feat and legs. It has to ers and to Is., It ways about 600 pounds. Most horses ar kolored but sum are wite. The horse is mans best friend, but the dog is better. Horses are used two pull wagins but sum peple use attymobils. Sum historikal horses ar the horses that attaked troi and distruckted the city.

New ton Lovell.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Pierce Griffin—"Miss Muriel, I aimed at a hundred and didn't get but 75."

Miss Muriel—"Well Pierce you should hitch your wagon to the stars and then get out and push. Did you do that?"

Pierce—"No'm, I wanted to ride."

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss Gordon (In Science)—"Of what use are worms in the soil?"

Ed M.—"To fish with."

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss Gordon (In Chemistry)—"Curtis, have you a manual?"

Curtis—"No mam, my er—fiancée has one—I mean my pa rtner has one."

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss Gordon explaining the use of mercury in filling teeth—"Mercury mixed with gold leaf forms—"

Otis Cobb—"False teeth."

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss Gordon—"Newton what is ammonia gas used for?"

Newton, scratching his head—"Why its used—well its used—ah—its used—er well, it's used that is all I know."

Life is real, life is earnest,
And our school life is sublime.
But we have a lot of worry,
Dodging teachers all the time.

† † † †

Mrs. Maxwell (in Shorthand) "What? Forgotten your pencil again? What would you think of a soldier who went to war without a gun?"

Newton Lovell: "I'd think he was an officer."

† † † †

Miss Clark (In French): "What does pensee mean?"

Cora Lee: "Thought."

Miss Clark: "Well, what kind of thought?"

Cora Lee: "Oh, thinking thought."

† † † †

(In History) Victor: "Why didn't the monks marry?"

Byron: "Because they couldn't serve two masters."

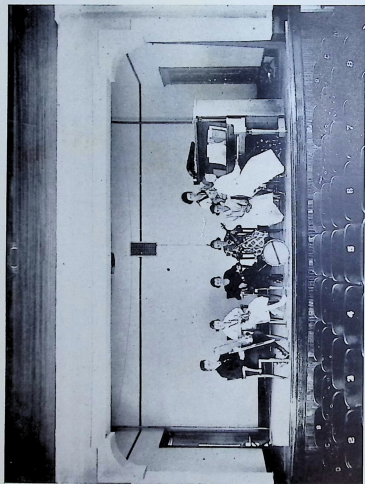
† † † †

Miss Clark (In French): "Leslie, do you see anything wrong in your work?"

Leslie: "No, if I did I wouldn't have put it up there that way."

† † † †

Ruby Hart (taking chemistry test): "The answer to that question isn't in the book is it, Miss Gordon?"



HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

One of the many high school organizations this year was the S. H. S. Orchestra

Director—Rose Gallagher—Cornet.

Anna Mason—Piano.

Eleanor Herring—Violin.

Ellen Chappell—Violin.

Adle Rines—Violin

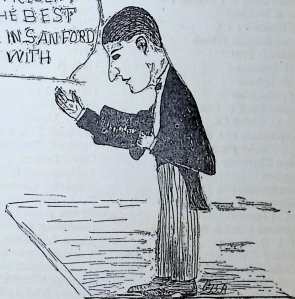
John Musson—Trombone.

James Robinson—Drums

The orchestra was organized in the early part of the school year and for playing in chappel they were allowed to usher at the Lyceum Entertainments. They played for a brief dance after the game with the Cathedral B. B. Girls here; later at the opening of the new hospital. They rendered a few selections on the program given at Osteen and helped to fill in Literary Society programs frequently.



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of school, others will go to
college, but all will have
that everlasting question
of "Dress and Dress Right"
to contend with.

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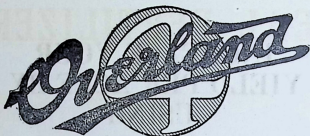
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